# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. II.—No. 90.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1858. [Price Five Cents.


CONTENTS.


I. Jacob Little, Esq., with a fine Portrait.
II. Editorials.
III. The Lounger.
IV. Fifth Avenue in the Country, with a splendid Illustration.
V. Hymn to Old Ocean.
VI. Launch of a Crinoline.
VII. Fact, Fancy, and Fun, by a Southern Lawyer, with two Illustrations.
VIII. Literary.
IX. Domestic Intelligence.
X. Foreign News.
XI. A Week at Baden-Baden, with eight fine Illustrations.
XII. The Ex-Policeman's Story.
XIII. Views in and about Salt Lake City, with two Illustrations from Photographs.
XIV. How I became a Priest.
XV. Things Wise and Otherwise.
XVI. Market and Financial Reports.
XVII. Comicalities.


## JACOB LITTLE, ESQ.

Perhaps no man out of the political world has been more famous throughout the United States than the gentleman whose portrait we give on this page. Like all other conspicuous characters, he has had his share of abuse as well as praise; but, praised or blamed, no man at present living has exercised a larger influence in the financial world, nor has any one contrived to attract more general attention from the moneyed community.

Like most of our financial magnates, Mr. Little came to the city poor. He was, like many other great and good men of this State in our day, a New Englander by birth. Born at Newburyport, Massachusetts, in 1797, he set out to seek his fortune in New York when he was twenty years of age. It is understood that, though he did not arrive here precisely in the condition claimed for most heroes at their first start in life—barefoot and hungry—he had no superfluity of property, and no assets to speak of, except a quantity of spare time and a pretty clear head. To what vocation his first efforts were directed we are unable to state; but shortly after his adoption of New York as his home, he found himself a clerk in the counting-house of the famous old Quaker, Jacob Barker.

Not many days since the writer met Mr. Little in Wall Street, in company with a very old gentleman, with whom he was in earnest and respectful conversation. When the pair separated, Mr. Little, rather more excited than is his wont, asked of the writer,

"Do you know that old gentleman? That, Sir, is my old master, Jacob Barker. How well he looks!"

To one who had been in the habit of regarding Mr. Little as a mere man of money—a bull or a bear, as they say in Wall Street—there was something quite touching in the affectionate look which the old man cast over his venerable "master" as he tottered down the street, and in the humid twinkle of the eye which old reminiscences seemed to have occasioned.

In the days of Jacob Barker, long before the revulsion of 1837, before the revulsion of 1825, the Quakers were a Power in the commercial world. They were an honest, industrious, and extremely shrewd race of merchants; not devoid of humor and sarcasm; and though religious non-combatants, not in the least disposed to allow themselves to be the victims of roguery. One of the fraternity—a dealer in specie and exchange, and a large purchaser of gold coin—one day left his counting-house in haste, and crossed the street to accost a friend. He had just purchased a quantity of doubloons, which he had omitted to lock up in his safe. The office was empty. When the old Quaker returned the room was in the same condition—no one was in it—but one of the bags of doubloons was missing. The Quaker locked up the others, and opened not his mouth on the subject of the loss. Days passed, and weeks; but no reward was offered; no policemen were set on the track of the thief; the old Quaker bore his loss stoutly. Two or three months afterward his neighbor, a small mercantile man, happened to be in his counting-room, conversing on the topics of the day. Suddenly turning to the Quaker, he inquired,

"By-the-way, Mr. ——, did you ever hear any thing of the bag of doubloons you lost?"

Up started the old Quaker in an instant:

"Thee're the thief, John! thee're the thief! *I never told any one I lost the bag!*"

Needless to say that the doubloons were restored, and the clumsy rogue pardoned, with a caution to go and sin no more.

Of Mr. Barker himself a story equally characteristic has been told. To some readers it is very familiar; but as there are many to whom it will be new, we may as well repeat it here. Mr. Barker was a large ship-owner. He had many ships at sea, and—as was the custom in those days, before Maury had mapped the tides and the winds—some of them were constantly being lost. One of Mr. Barker's ships had been a long time out of port. Fears were entertained for her safety. Sharing the general anxiety, Mr. Barker called at a Marine Insurance office, and expressed his desire to effect a fresh insurance on the vessel. The office demanded a high rate of premium. Mr. Barker offered a lower figure. Without coming to any understanding Mr. Barker left the office. That night a swift messenger from New England brought him news of the total loss of the vessel.

He said simply, "Very well." Next morning, as he drove down to his counting-house, he stopped at the insurance office. He did not get out of his carriage, but, summoning the secretary from his seat, he observed, quietly,

"Friend, thee need not make out that policy; *I've heard of the ship.*"

"Oh, Sir!—but, Sir—Mr. Barker," stammered the cunning secretary, dashing back into the office, and reappearing again in a moment, "we've made out the policy, and you can't back out of it!"

"How so, friend?" asked the old Quaker, very demurely.

"When you left last evening we agreed to your proposal, and the policy was made out at once. The office became liable, and you must take it. See, here it is!" and a clerk at that moment brought out the policy, with the signatures hardly dry.

"Well, friend," said old Jacob placidly, "if thee will have it, I suppose I must take it." And he put the policy in his pocket, and drove to his office. Before that evening the Insurance Company and all the world had heard of the loss of the ship.

It was under this shrewd, cautious merchant that Jacob Little passed his apprenticeship to trade. He was five years in Jacob Barker's office. When he left it he set up for himself as an exchange and specie broker. It is said that, in those humble days, Mr. Little used to spend the daylight hours in his office, ready to buy or to sell specie or bank-notes to any chance customer; and that the evening he devoted to a regular round of visits to large retail houses, of which he bought all the uncurrent money they had to sell. Many years must have passed before his business became worthy of public notice. How many hundred specie and exchange brokers there are in this city whose names even no one ever heard out of their little circle; and who, living from hand to mouth, might make fortunes, or break, or die out altogether, without so much as a line in a money article! Such was Jacob Little till about twenty years ago.

Twenty, or perhaps twenty-five, years ago the young broker began to be generally and favorably known. It began to be understood that he was uncommonly energetic, honest, and prompt. The current quotations for exchange could be had without an instant's delay at his office. He was always there; always ready to give a prompt and correct answer; always ready with his check-book to buy uncurrent funds at higher rate than any one else. Orders given to him to purchase stocks (though stocks were less thought of in those days than they are now, and railroads had hardly been invented) were invariably executed honestly, shrewdly, and promptly. Jacob Little began to be known—began to have correspondents in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New Orleans.

At that time a business was carried on between New York and the South, the gist of which was the exchange of notes for specie. It was a very profitable business, and seemed to be a growing one, though it has long since died out. Into this business Mr. Little entered, placing himself in competition with the magnates of finance. He succeeded. He was more assiduous and far quicker than his rivals. He lost no time in frivolous gayeties; gave his whole soul to his work; and while his competitors were deliberating he decided, acted, and carried off the prize. His business increased with strides so stupendous as to be scarcely credible.

As a bachelor, his expenditure had always been trifling; and net profits

JACOB LITTLE, ESQ.—[Photographed by Brady.]

of four-thousand a year he considered magnificent. But from four his profits now suddenly leaped to a hundred thousand; this doubled and quadrupled; and in the height of his success as a specie, exchange, and money-broker, he actually netted over eight hundred thousand in a single year, clear profit, all losses deducted.

An anecdote of the most extraordinary of his faculties—his quickness of perception—may serve in some measure to explain his wonderful success. A man came to his counter with a draft for $650. Mr. Little gave him at once a $500, a $100, and a $50 bill. The man left. In a few moments he returned, saying,

"Mr. Little, Sir, I think you made a mistake. That was a draft for $650 I gave you, and you have only given me $150." And he held out the $100 and the $50 notes.

With almost fierce abruptness—the tone familiar to all who know Mr. Little—he asked the man, "Where have you been?"

"To the Bank of America, to deposit my money, and it was there I—"

Mr. Little did not wait to hear the end of the sentence. Dashing on his hat, he ran out, hastened to the bank, and returned, in almost less time than it has taken to tell the story, with the missing $500 bill in his hand.

"Here, Sir!" said he, to the overjoyed customer; "you dropped your bill at the bank counter, and if I had been a quarter of an hour later you would never have seen it again, let me tell you."

There came a time when the specie business fell away, and Mr. Little's profits declined in consequence. But a still grander field was opening up. Railroads—the great modern civilizer—were coming into play, and the great question was how to build them. Their necessity and usefulness every one could see; but how to raise millions upon millions of dollars very few indeed could contrive. Mr. Little placed himself in the van of the railroad movement. He was himself at this time a millionaire, and his character for sagacity and shrewdness was so well known that wherever he led rich men were ready to follow. At this time, in the beginning of the railway era in the United States, Jacob Little was indispensable to every railroad scheme. Every successful project for a new railway had him for a director, manager, or friend; if he said Nay, the scheme fell to the ground. So thoroughly was he identified with the leadership of the railway world, that he won the name which was subsequently bestowed on a very different and far less worthy man—he was known as the Railway King. Again, in this business, as in his former one, fortune awaited his ventures. Hundreds of thousands rolled in upon him; and men began to talk of him not as the owner of a million but of millions. His fortune, indeed, must have been at this time something prodigious.

Again a time came for a change. Like all good things, railways were overdone. Lines were opened which never could pay by any chance. Roads were projected for the sole purpose of swindling stockholders. Dividends were declared out of capital; mismanagement, roguery, and blundering financial schemes were the order of the day. Mr. Little was one of the first to see the effects of this state of things, as he had been the first to perceive the benefit of the railway system. With his usual promptitude he acted upon his convictions. He turned sides. There was no disguise about him. He told every one that, as most of the railways were managed, they could not be paying property; and, as an earnest of his faith, he contracted to deliver their stock at future periods below the price current at the time of the contract. This is called, in Wall Street parlance, "selling stock short." Of course this policy, adopted by a man of such influence, was well-nigh fatal to the schemes of the knaves who were busily engaged in getting up impossible railways, or paying unearned dividends on lines already constructed. Of course, between such men and Mr. Little it was thenceforth war to the knife. It is affecting, at this enlightened day, to read the virtuously-indignant tirades in which they denounced him as a miserable stock gambler, and as an enemy to the great interests of the country. As Mr. Little had been spending his money in building great lines of road before most of those who now abused him were out of pinafores, it is not likely that their wrath disturbed him much. But for many years he had hard work. It was easier then than now to "get up a corner," and "punish the bears." As all stocks are limited in amount, if a man contracted to deliver so many thousand shares of a certain stock, it was quite feasible for the owners of all said stock to lay their heads together and say that he could not have it. This was frequently practiced with Mr. Little; and though his unexampled resources and extraordinary boldness often carried him safely through crises of this kind, he was sometimes compelled to pay smartly to those who cornered him.

One of his great feats in opposition to "the street" is well remembered.

It was in the days when Erie Railroad stock was selling in the neighborhood of par, and when, by dint of paying dividends which were not earned, and publishing reports which were not true (practices, of course, eschewed by railroad men of our day), the management had contrived to imbue the public with quite a high idea of the value of the property. Mr. Little was a free seller of Erie. He did not believe in the property, and he was ready to give practical evidence of his want of faith by contracting to deliver it at a future day below the market price. The chief owners of Erie resolved to catch him. They took all the contracts he offered, and, meanwhile, entered into a compact among themselves not to sell him a share. Before he dreamed of the plot, he was bound to deliver to them several thousand shares, and all the loose stock was tied up by the conspirators, and out of his reach. The day came when Mr. Little was to make his deliveries. By this time the plot was well known. The common talk of the street was that that morning "the bulls would break Jacob." They—the bulls—had not the least doubt of their success. They had his contracts and they had the stock; it seemed impossible that Mr. Little could escape.

He came down to his office that morning as calm and as cool as usual. The bulls were amazed at his jaunty, pleasant manner. One or two ventured to call upon him in the hope that he would propose a compromise. But he preferred to talk about the weather. At least they thought that he would send over to them to bid for their stock; but he did nothing of the kind. What could he mean to do? The day wore on; at two o'clock he must either deliver that which they knew he had not got, or he must break. They were very nervous indeed in their triumph.

Unfortunately for them, they did not know the history of the Erie Railroad as well as Mr. Little. One of the many vicissitudes which have befallen that famous corporation occurred in 1843, in which year the Erie broke outright, and became insolvent. It owed a pretty round sum, and couldn't by any chance pay. In the dire straits which its creditors shared with it, the Erie direction bethought themselves of issuing to the creditors convertible certificates of indebtedness, which, after specifying the amount due by the Company to the holder, covenanted that the Company would at any time hold itself bound to exchange its own stock for said certificates. Of course, so long as the concern was insolvent the stock was worth nothing, and nobody thought of converting his certificates; and by the time the Company had revived every body had forgotten all about them. Every body except Mr. Little. He remembered the circumstance perfectly; and when he found that the bulls had cornered him, he went round quietly and bought up all the certificates of 1843 that he could find. With these in his hand, at one o'clock of the fatal day, he presented himself at the office of the Company, and demanded new stock. It was as if the ghost of their ancient debts had stalked into the office! President and directors were petrified. Still there was no excuse possible. The language of the certificates was unequivocal. They made out the scrip, and before the fatal hour Jacob Little fairly overwhelmed the bulls by tendering them all the stock he had to deliver.

They refused to take it, on a frivolous pretext, and to this day the question is unsettled, both parties having lost a round sum. But Mr. Little did not break.

Wall Street remembers several other crises which nearly saw the ruin of Mr. Little. He stood alone against the street—*Ursa Major*, the great bear, as he began to be called. But he had the advantage of a large capital, uncommon resources, and an admirable partner—the late William S. Underhill, a man of scarcely inferior ability to Mr. Little himself as a financier, and as cautious and conservative as Mr. Little is sanguine and daring. For years he contended alone against the field, and successfully.

But in such a contest fortune could not forever remain on one side. Mr. Little had broken all, or nearly all, his opponents, had stored away their notes in his trunk, and had helped them on again. He had such confidence in his luck and in the soundness of the bear principle that he set no limits to his operations. He was ready to sell ten thousand shares of a stock of which neither love nor money could procure five thousand. He was right—as the sequel has proved—in his calculations; but he could not command his time, or hasten events. A new trap was laid with more skill than usual; he fell into it with less caution than formerly; and he broke.

The accident has occurred to him more than once. But it is a well known saying among the brokers that they had rather have Jacob Little's suspended paper than many other men's checks. For much as the world has heard of Mr. Little's failures (they have always been notorious events), he has invariably paid every creditor a hundred cents on the dollar, with interest. At the rate he did business, he was sure to make a fortune or to break every year. In the year after his first stoppage, it is generally reported that he not only paid off every creditor in full (a bagatelle of something less than a million), but realized, clear and clean, twelve hundred thousand dollars besides.

His principle was very simple. He knew that the U. S. railways were working on a wrong principle—paying dividends which they did not earn, and misrepresenting facts in their reports. He knew that if he sold them short unceasingly, a time must come when he would be rewarded. Events have justified the accuracy of his calculations. Unfortunately for him, when the crisis came, which he had foreseen for years, he was not in a condition to profit by it, and the crop which he should have reaped went into other men's garners.

Mr. Little is still one of the prominent operators in Wall Street. He is better known, and perhaps more generally liked, among the brokers than any other member of that whole-souled body. He was never known to press an unfortunate debtor, to take a mean advantage of any one, or to withhold a debt which he could pay. All who enjoy his acquaintance respect and love him.

Not many months since Mr. Little applied for readmission to the Board of Brokers, his suspension having vacated his seat. It is not the custom of that body to admit candidates on their first application, especially if they have previously forfeited their seat. The dignity of the Board and the value of a seat are enhanced by a certain degree of coy reluctance on the part of the members: applicants for admission are prepared by their friends for a preliminary rebuff or two. When Mr. Little was proposed, this last time, a few words were said in his favor by his proposer, and he sat down. Up started a broker whose firm had had some difficulty with Mr. Little, and began to raise objections. But he had hardly opened his mouth than there arose a storm of indignant outcry from every quarter of the Board. Bulls and bears chorused shame! on the attempt to exclude their old and famous leader. The "boys" were boys indeed, and very angry ones; the unlucky opponent of Mr. Little's readmission incontinently subsided; and the old broker was admitted on the spot.

Mr. Little remained a bachelor beyond the usual term of celibacy. In the year 1844 he married Miss Augusta M'Carty, sister of Madame De Dion, by whom he has an only son.


# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1858.


## THE CONVENTION.

In a previous article we have spoken of the inroads made by the Constitution of 1846 on the Central Power of the State. Next to the changes in this regard, the most important alterations were effected in the Judiciary. The members of the Judiciary in 1846 were confessedly able men, but they were almost equally unpopular; and the judicial system was universally odious. It is not worth while now to rip up old sores, nor to ask why this was so. Suffice it to say, that the unpopularity of both judges and judicial organizations was such, that the Constitution of 1846 not only ousted the former from office, but did not leave a vestige of the judicial system. The bloodiest revolution, the transfer of power to a nation of foreign birth, could hardly have effected a more complete and absolute change in the administration of justice. A Court of Appeals was substituted for the old Court of Errors; the Court of Chancery was tumbled head over heels, burying under its ruins an honest and able Chancellor; and if the title of the Supreme Court was retained, it was done apparently to show how little there is in a name; for the new court resembles the old one just about as much as disorder resembles order, or as anarchy resembles discipline.

To add to the confusion produced by this new system of things, or rather to carry it out and complete it, a commission was appointed to frame a Code. It did its work with a vengeance, and to a new judicial organization was superadded a totally new system of procedure. If the new arrangement had been a good one, it would have been a heavy job under these circumstances to set it going; but what a system it is!

The Court of Appeals, the highest tribunal of the State, the grand conservative fly-wheel of justice, changes one half of its members every year. Every year it takes into its ranks four new judges, who devote to this service the last twelve months of an eight-years' tenure, this being the year which is to prepare them to take the cold bath of a popular election. The consequence is, that the decisions of the court of last resort are confessedly vague and fluctuating in the last degree.

As to the Supreme Court: by the Constitution of 1846 the State was practically divided into eight States—or, as they are called, districts—a court of four members provided for each district; and to these eight courts, which never meet together except once in two years to make rules, the name of the Supreme Court was facetiously given. The result was inevitable. The decisions in the districts necessarily vary. There is no mode of harmonizing them except in those cases which go to the Court of Appeals; and thus not only our practice but the great body of our law is every day becoming more discordant and various throughout the State. Twenty-five volumes of Reports have been published, most of which are utterly useless for any purpose whatever, and every hour only increases the confusion.

To this confusion the introduction of a short term of office, coupled with the elective principle, has beautifully contributed. As for the elective principle, in a country governed by universal suffrage, much may be said; the system, no doubt, works better in the country than in the city, and perhaps the matter has not yet been fully tested; but it may be safely asserted that, if the object be to break down the character, self-respect, and vigor of a judicial officer, no more ingenious method could be devised than popular election *and* a short tenure.

It is not worth while to argue the question at length. The whole history of English liberty, up to the time of the Revolution of 1688, may be pretty much considered as an effort to make the Judges independent of the ruling power of the State. This end was attained when the Judges were made to hold their seats during good behavior. Here we have run exactly counter to this experience, and have deliberately made our Judges directly dependent on the popular power. The result, it is true, might have been a great deal worse than it is as yet. Nobody pretends that our Judges are corrupt or imbecile. They are honest, and they are men of ability. But as a body they are utterly deficient in vigor, character, and independence. They know and feel that they owe their existence to the ordinary machinery of party politics. They are deeply interested in not offending popular and influential men, whether they be lawyers or clients, and the result is a total breakdown of all discipline and decorum in the Courts; and the invasion of the profession by a horde of uneducated men who are no more fit to try or argue causes than they are to direct the solar system.

No reform of the law, no reform of the bar, can be made without a vigorous, able, and independent Bench to superintend it, and to work it out. An army is a mob without good officers—the Judges are the officers of the army of the law. The Constitution of 1846 effaced every trace of discipline and order—it destroyed all the real power of the Judiciary, and with their power it destroyed their independence. All reforms will be petty, and partial, and ineffectual that do not recognize this truth, and which do not seek to regain what we have lost.

The object being to secure the independence of the Judiciary, it would seem clear that the real point is the *tenure*. Whether a judge be selected for the bench by popular suffrage, or by a Governor, himself the creature of popular suffrage, is perhaps not very important. The real point is, that when the officer is elected he should feel himself on a firm and certain seat, not a miserable rickety stool, every day slipping more and more from under him.

Nor is the salary all-important. It is, of course, extremely absurd that the income of a Judge living in Binghampton should be the same as that of a Judge living in New York. It is very absurd not to recognize that a dollar in New York is a very much smaller sum than a dollar in Jefferson County. But even this is subordinate to the question of tenure. You may adopt a crude or even an absurd mode of selection for judicial office—you may give the incumbent an insufficient salary—still, if the place is really clothed with power—which means dignity and independence—you will always find able men to take it.

This is the be-all and the end-all of every discussion as to the Judiciary. We want such changes in the system as shall make the Judges strong, respected, and independent. Unless we are prepared to do this, we may as well let things remain as they are until the State is really ripe for an efficient change. Any petty efforts to amend or patch up the present system will totally fail unless there is at least a radical alteration in the tenure of the Judiciary.

It is conceded on all hands that the present system is disgraceful to the State. The Courts are bear-gardens—criminal justice is a laughing-stock—appeals are endless, and nothing is certain. It is practicable to correct these great evils; but it is not possible to do it unless we honestly and boldly look the mischief in the face and trace it to its cause. We can then apply the proper remedy. Let us then open our eyes and our mouths, and frankly admit that the real evil of the present system is the total want of independence on the part of the Judiciary. It is not the vicious organization of the Court of Appeals—it is not the disorganization of the Supreme Court, which cause the present state of things. It is that the members of both these tribunals are in a condition of painful dependence. From that condition, whatever the system may be, it is absurd to expect vigorous or efficient action.

## HINTS TO ADVERTISERS.

WHERE and how to advertise, are problems which engage the attention of every mercantile man. In this country the benefit of advertising is acknowledged by every man of sense. Every one who has any thing to sell is aware that his sales will be in proportion to the number of the persons who know of him and of his goods; and that, beyond a certain very narrow limit, he can only make himself and his goods known through the channel of advertising. We have all seen very ordinary wares forced by copious advertising into universal use; it is obvious that the best and cheapest merchandise will not command a sale if the public be not made aware of its existence through the medium of advertisements. One of the most popular of modern inventions was neglected for years and ruined its owner, simply because he neglected to advertise. The general principle being thus universally admitted—that advertising is beneficial and indispensable—the only questions which remain to be solved are, How and where should a man advertise?

The aim and purport of advertising being the introduction of the thing advertised to the knowledge of the public, it follows that those advertisements are the best which are most likely to meet the eye, and arrest the attention of the largest number of persons. An advertisement is valueless which only reaches a limited circle of readers. And it is equally useless if, while it reaches the eye of a large number, it be not calculated to arrest their attention.

These two principles constitute the science of advertising, and that advertisement is the best which carries out both with most fidelity. A few illustrations may throw light on the point. A placard in a public conveyance is bad, inasmuch as it is seen only by a very limited class of persons; but it is good, for during the tedium of the journey it is likely that every one will read it. A placard on a wall is faulty, for even in the most traveled thoroughfare it can only attract a very limited number of eyes; but if it be strikingly and conspicuously displayed, it may tempt every one to read it. The advertising cards which an enterprising tailor in London caused to be scattered broadcast from a balloon over the British capital, did not meet

as many eyes as a few lines in a popular paper; but every one on whose head they fell may be assumed to have examined carefully the mock thunder-bolt.

On the other hand, advertisements may be seen by a great number of persons and yet fail in their aim. As a rule, men are more than indifferent to their neighbor's business. We do not want to know that Jones sells cheap clothes, or Smith good beef, or Robinson sound wine. Our first impression, when Jones, or Smith, or Robinson tells us his story, is to vote him a bore, and to grow angry with him for encroaching upon our time and attention. First, because we know that we require that time and attention ourselves; secondly, because experience warns us that in nine cases out of ten, under pretense of giving us valuable information, Brown and the others want to wheedle us out of our money. Hence, if a fair chance be given us, we will not listen to their story. If a fellow were to accost a hundred persons in Broadway with the remark, "Sir, here is Mr. Brown's advertisement of breeches or hot corn; will you read it?" ninety would either pass on without remark or would throw the advertisement into the gutter; and of the other ten, at least five would insult Mr. Brown's man. It is doubtful if any one of the hundred would comply with his request. Hence it is that an advertisement may actually be laid under the nose of thousands of men, and yet, from the want of something to attract their attention, may be valueless in a business point of view. At least a dozen times enterprising speculators in this country have tried to make money by publishing gratuitous sheets composed wholly of advertisements; they have always failed, simply because it was impossible to persuade the recipients of these advertising sheets even to look at them. People received them, saw what they were, felt indignant at the attempt to bully them into knowing about other men's business, and flung them down. It could not be otherwise.

With regard to advertisements in the ordinary newspapers, countless schemes have been devised in the hope of attracting public attention. Conspicuous headings had their day. Once upon a time the newspapers were full of business notices beginning in some such fashion as —"THE END OF THE WORLD will not come till every body has provided himself with a pair of Smith's suspenders," etc.—"FAUX PAS IN HIGH LIFE—Miss Jones, the other day, wearing one of Brown's mantillas ($9 only)," etc., etc. "SAYS BUCHANAN TO CASS, 'Send me a pair of Robinson's patent spectacles' (price $1 75)," etc., etc. Of late, however, this style of advertisement has gone out. People are on their guard against flash headings, and even "The Atlantic Telegraph" and "Queen Victoria's Message" have vainly sought to beguile them into reading about the virtues of patent soap and cheap hats.

The common sense of the public can not long be deluded; and, in this matter of advertisements, the surest way of attracting attention is, after all, to place the advertisement as near as possible to matter which is sure of being read. Advertisements printed on the most popular page of a popular newspaper can hardly escape attention. The eye naturally wanders from the slashing editorial, or the telegraph dispatch, to the modest business announcement alongside, and lingers there; so the aim of the advertisement is attained. This is so well understood that the leading daily papers always charge double for business notices on the editorial and opposite pages.

Advertisements so situate—that is to say, on the most attractive page of a widely-circulated paper—realize, as nearly as is possible at present, the two conditions of a perfect advertisement. They attain the widest feasible publicity, and they attract the largest possible share of attention. Such advertisements are worth paying for.

Half a dozen lines in a widely-circulated newspaper, near a brilliant article—or, better still, near an amusing caricature—are better worth five dollars to the advertiser than whole pages of advertisements toward which the reader's eye is not naturally attracted.

## THE LOUNGER.

### THE QUARANTINE.

"STATEN ISLAND, 11th September, 1858.

"MR. LOUNGER,—I was glad to see, last week, that *Harper's Weekly* stated the case of the Quarantine burning so calmly and justly. It suggested that when such an event takes place, unrebuked, in the midst of intelligent and law-respecting citizens, many of them people of property and the most respectable position in every profession—when the violence has been confined to a specific and evident object, and the general peace and security of the county have not been in the least degree disturbed—it suggested, I say, that there might be something to be urged which would at least palliate the resort to force which was made on the night of the 1st of September.

"I wish to put the case of the Quarantine seriously before your readers, that they may understand how "barbarian," and "pagan," and "atrocious," and "incredible," and "worse than Sepoys," we unfortunate islanders are.

"The Quarantine was placed here fifty-five years ago. (Governor Tompkins came for the first time about fifteen years afterward.) The island was comparatively uninhabited, and when the extent of the city of New York was very much less than it is now. Gradually, in the immediate neighborhood of the Quarantine, a settlement sprang up, at first a mere dependence of that institution; but as the population of the city rapidly increased, and spread beyond Manhattan Island to the nearest shores of New Jersey and Long Island, so it went, in time, to the nearest shore of Staten Island. The New Brighton Company settled the present charming town of the same name, along the terrace at the junction of the Kills and the bay, and other settlements extended southward, until the Quarantine, placed at the nearest point to New York, became the nucleus of a very dense and rapidly increasing population. Its domain was small, and it was no kind of defense to the island, whatever it may have been to the city.

"The population of the city having overtaken an institution which is in its very nature, however necessary, yet none the less a nuisance to any neighborhood, the conflict naturally arose between the people and the pest. That the population of the city should have the audacity to extend to the island is not wonderful, when you remember that a man on the northeastern shore of Staten Island is nearer to his business down town than if he lived at the extreme upper part of the city, and pestilence on the island is pestilence in the city. The city, or its population, overtook the Quarantine, just as it did the bone-boiling and slaughter houses which used to stand where fine blocks are now built. The law very properly declared, in the latter cases, that the nuisance must give way to the population, and not the population to the nuisance.

"In the year 1848, when the yellow fever was brought here in Southern ships and it was imparted to the island, the islanders very naturally saw no reason why they should be selected out of the whole people of the State to sicken and die unnecessarily of a fearful disease. Moved by their feelings more than their reason, they plotted to destroy the Quarantine—but were restrained by wiser men, who assured them that so great a wrong would not be permanent, and that measures would be taken for their relief. By these judicious representations the contemplated violence was restrained. These wiser men also represented to the persons who had charge of the institution that the public hostility was much aroused, and that justice, and humanity, and regard for the dignity of the law, required that some conciliatory steps should be taken toward removing the nuisance.

"Meanwhile ceaseless efforts were made—population still increased—and the year 1856 arrived. The yellow fever came into port again—was boated into the Quarantine, and leaped over the wall into the midst of the quiet and hard-working population of the island. Indignation was kindled—force was threatened—the gates were blockaded—petitions were signed—and twice the Grand Jury of the county presented the hospitals as a nuisance. Popular demonstrations were again restrained by judicious counsels, but public feeling was too imperious to be withstood; the danger to the city was too glaring; and the Legislature of 1857 authorized the Governor to appoint a Commission to secure the removal of the Quarantine.

"This, of course, was an acknowledgment by the people of the State, in their Legislature, that Staten Island was an unfit place for such an establishment. The Commissioners went to work, and it is a perfectly well understood fact that certain shipping merchants of the city of New York went to work also. Application was made to the State of New Jersey by the Commissioners for the occupation of Sandy Hook as a Quarantine ground. It is a perfectly well understood fact that certain shipping merchants influenced the Legislature of New Jersey, by exciting their pride and jealousy, as well as by other means, to thwart this project.

"Then came the trouble at Seguine's Point. The very spare population of that region did not want the danger—the water facilities were very inconvenient, if not inadequate—and the buildings erected there were burned down, as the people had threatened, months before, that they would be. Now, Mr. Lounger, I have yet to learn that any action has been had against the people of Seguine's Point, or that the neighborhood apprehended anarchy. The Governor issued no proclamation. There seemed to be upon all sides a virtual concession that no people could be expected quietly to allow a hot-bed of disease to be planted in the midst of them. But if such were the case at Seguine's Point, where the population was so scant, what was it at Tompkinsville, where it was so dense?

"Upon this fevered state of the public mind came the summer of 1858, and, in due time, the yellow fever. Now, Sir, we have the testimony of the Quarantine physician that, on a certain evening, he allowed a score or more of his workmen, engaged in yellow fever ships, and other diseased places, to 'change their clothes' and go into a public primary meeting of the people of the town. And there is ample proof that, during all the yellow fever summers, workmen have passed in and out freely—going home at night to their neighborhoods and families—and that there was culpable negligence of all proper effort to isolate the danger. Presently, of course, the yellow fever began its ravages in the vicinity of the hospitals; and up to the 1st of September there had been at least ten fatal cases outside the walls. Meanwhile, one of the leading shipping merchants had offensively declared that the Quarantine grounds were to be enlarged and the institution made permanent upon the island.

"The people of the neighborhood now found the question put to them in this way: The Quarantine having been presented as a nuisance by the grand jury of the county, and by the Board of Health of Castleton and Stapleton, and it having been held, in repeated cases, by the courts of the State, that the Board of Health of a town had full power to declare what was a nuisance, and that any citizen, or body of citizens, might proceed to abate the nuisance, having due regard to other property—the fact of the nuisance having been expressly recognized by the Legislature of the State—the law providing for its removal having been thwarted by means which will continue to be employed and continue to thwart; and since, therefore, we can no longer look to the law to protect us and our families, as well as the city, of which we are practically a part, from hideous disease and almost certain death, what shall we do? How many more honest men and women, citizens of the State of New York, pursuing their various employments, shall be stricken down and slain by pestilence, before we shall feel authorized to believe that the law can not protect us, and, consequently, to embrace the first and final human right of self-defense?

"I think that was a question, Mr. Lounger, for people in daily danger of their lives to determine for themselves; and when the Board of Health of the town, composed of respectable and responsible citizens, again declared the Quarantine to be an intolerable nuisance, and summoned the people to abate it immediately, they acted less like Sepoys than like men who considered that the hour of just self-defense had arrived.

"The Quarantine authorities were soon aware of what was to happen. They had ample time to take measures to remove the sick. They preferred not to do so; and the town came prepared to take charge of them. The sick were borne carefully out, and laid upon the grass on mattresses, and with attendants; and, while it is profoundly to be regretted that there was any suffering at all, it may very fairly be asked whether there was much, if any; and whether the patients have not benefited by the exposure, such as it was. This, however, is entirely a separate question. The right of the people of Castleton to abate a dangerous nuisance, and any cruelty incident, but not *necessary*, to that abatement, are very different things.

"The work was begun, and was completed on the following night. Of course there was a great deal of excitement—that is inseparable from such a movement; but the act was done calmly and quietly, and not a householder on the island, far or near, but slept with a sense of greater security than for weeks before. For the act was well understood to be not that of a mob, or a gang of ill-disposed persons illegally acting to a bad end, but the rising of a community to remove a public danger which the law had shown its incompetence to remove.

"The argument which would deny to the people of Staten Island the right, *under any circumstances*, forcibly to abate a dangerous nuisance, would, necessarily, deny the right of revolution. But if the right of forcible removal, under any circumstances, be conceded—and, in the face of history, philosophy, and law, it would be very hard not to concede it—then every such case must be judged by its own circumstances, and not by the general principle, which Americans are the last people in the world to deny—that the law must be respected, and that the citizen must await the operation of the law. Therefore, in the present case, the only question is, whether the people had sufficient reason to believe that the law would afford them no redress. They thought they had, and therefore helped themselves.

"Yours truly,
"RICHMOND CLAM."

### WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

COULD there be any thing more melancholy than the story of Landor's late trial, the sale of his pictures, and his flight from England? His first book was published *sixty-five years ago!* At intervals he has published since—always in the daintiest form, always upon the most scholarly themes —while, in the newspapers, he has constantly crackled with little squibs, not always clean or good-natured, at passing political events. Yet in the structure of his mind, as in his expression, there was something antique and remote, dashed across with the wildest whimsicality. He had an intellectual sympathy with austere republicanism, and consequently dedicated his works, upon the most diverse subjects, to Bolivar, to Major-General Stopford, to General Jackson, and others; while his peculiarities of orthography showed the willful scholar.

A man of competent fortune, he lived the life of a scholar, but upon coming to his estate quarreled with his tenantry, pulled down a beautiful house he had built, sold estates which had been in his family for centuries, and in 1815 withdrew to an elegant Tuscan seclusion at Fiesole, whence he returned within a very few years to England.

In his "English Traits" Mr. Emerson gives us a charming picture of this capricious genius in his Italian villa:

"On the 15th May I dined with Mr. Landor. I found him noble and courteous, living in a cloud of pictures at his villa Gheradesca, a fine house, commanding a beautiful landscape. I had inferred from his books, or magnified from some anecdotes, an impression of Achillean wrath, an untamable petulance.... but on this May day he was the most patient and gentle of hosts.... To be sure he is decided in his opinions, likes to surprise, and is well content to impress, if possible, his English whim upon the immutable Past.... He has a wonderful brain, despotic, violent, and inexhaustible.... Year after year the scholar must still go back to Landor for a multitude of elegant sentences—for wisdom, wit, and indignation that are unforgetable."

The moody fury of a solitary and passionate nature has now irretrievably clouded the last day of a man full of noble and surpassing powers, but deformed by salient defects. It is a terrible thing to live too long—it is even more terrible that one's friends should think so. But in this dark hour when the London *Times*, the representative paper of England, has not the heart to spare an old man whose name English Literature must always respect, but adds to the judgment of the law an unnecessary scorn, let every cultivated American who recalls his great debt to this indomitable English scholar vail his face as the dishonored hoary head goes by.

THE Lounger ventures to plead with "A. H." How can she ruthlessly refuse to be melted? Does she not know that the stage-fright is nothing compared with the woman-fright, and that many a wit of the clubs and the dinner tables is silent and shy in the presence of the sex? Is it, oh "A. H.!" because the sun puts out the fire? At least, then, don't suppose it is cold because it looks pale and dull.

——"Rule kindly,
Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair;
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly."

TO A. H.

I can't get on with woman,
I don't know why! I *don't* know why!
My case is quite uncommon,
And makes me sigh! and makes me sigh!

The men a favorite call me—
I've many friends to make amends—
At clubs none would blackball me;
But—there it ends! ah! *there it ends!*

I tell you without jesting,
When I'm in love, I don't know why,
I'm *never* interesting,
But always dull and always shy.

And oh! my hopes all crushing,
'Tis *such* a bore, when I adore!
This stammering and blushing—
That all is o'er! yes, all is o'er!

And words, too, quite forsake me;
I can't be cool! I can't be cool!
And nobody will take me,
I'm such a fool! I'm *such* a fool!

But if your humble servant
You'll deign to choose, you'll deign to choose,
You'll find me fond and fervent;
But *you'll* refuse, yes, *you'll refuse!*

I can't get on with woman,
I don't know why! I *don't* know why!
My case is quite uncommon,
And makes me sigh! and makes me sigh!

O. L. P.

NIGHTINGALE HOUSE.

### INCENDIARY.

A RECKLESS Sepoy upon Staten Island declares that "Governor King's proclamation is later in the day than is generally supposed; for the island has been under Marshall law for many a year!"

### A FRESH DEAL.

THE Lounger is this week wrapped in the sheet and carries the candle of penitence, for his arithmetical slip of last week, of which he has been promptly reminded, as will appear from what follows both below and above board:

"UNDER THE TABLE, *September*, 1858.

"MESSRS. COLBURN, SMITH, & DABOLL desire to present their most respectful raps to the Lounger, and to suggest to him that he has signally failed in a sum of simple addition, for which, had they the pleasure of being now on earth, and engaged in teaching him, he should receive the accompanying raps upon his knuckles.

"The Lounger exhorted some of his correspondents to 'a little skillful application' of Smith, etc., for the purpose of solving an arithmetical problem, and determining how many spots there are in a pack of cards.

"A pack of cards contains four suits, each numbered from one to ten, inclusive; and the total of the numerals is fifty-five. Then there are three court cards in each suit, each with one spot. Now four suits of fifty-five each are 220, and three one-spots in four suits are 12, making in all 232 spots in a pack of cards. But the Lounger had the effrontery to declare there were but 228!!!

"Whether such a person can be considered an authority in cards, is a subject which we leave for terrestrial consideration."

"NEW YORK, *September*.

"MR. LOUNGER,—Will you allow a few more words to be said in regard to the 'spots' in a pack of cards, in explanation of what appears to be a mystery to '*many subscribers*' in Chattanooga, Tennessee?

"But, first, allow me to remark that neither 'Colburn, Daboll, or Smith will show' that there are 236 spots in a pack of cards, as you stated; there are four less, according to the rules of either of those arithmeticians.

"Still, the soldier was right—at least he was not wrong —in giving 365 as the number of spots in a pack of playing cards. You must remember that it is nearly a hundred years since the soldier is supposed to have made the assertion; and cards, as well as other things, have changed since then. Cards the same as now used were then in existence, but the 'old fashioned' ones were by no means out of date.

"The 'knave' of any suit represents an *eleven spot*, for it is next above the ten spot; a queen represents a *twelve spot*, in the same manner; and a king a *thirteen spot*. A century ago many faced cards were printed with these spots upon them—in a different color, generally, from the picture—the same as you see the letters O N E, for instance, printed across the face of a one-dollar bank-note, in a different color from the rest of the note, and seemingly back behind and partially covered by the remainder of the printing, and not intended to stand out bold and form a prominent feature.

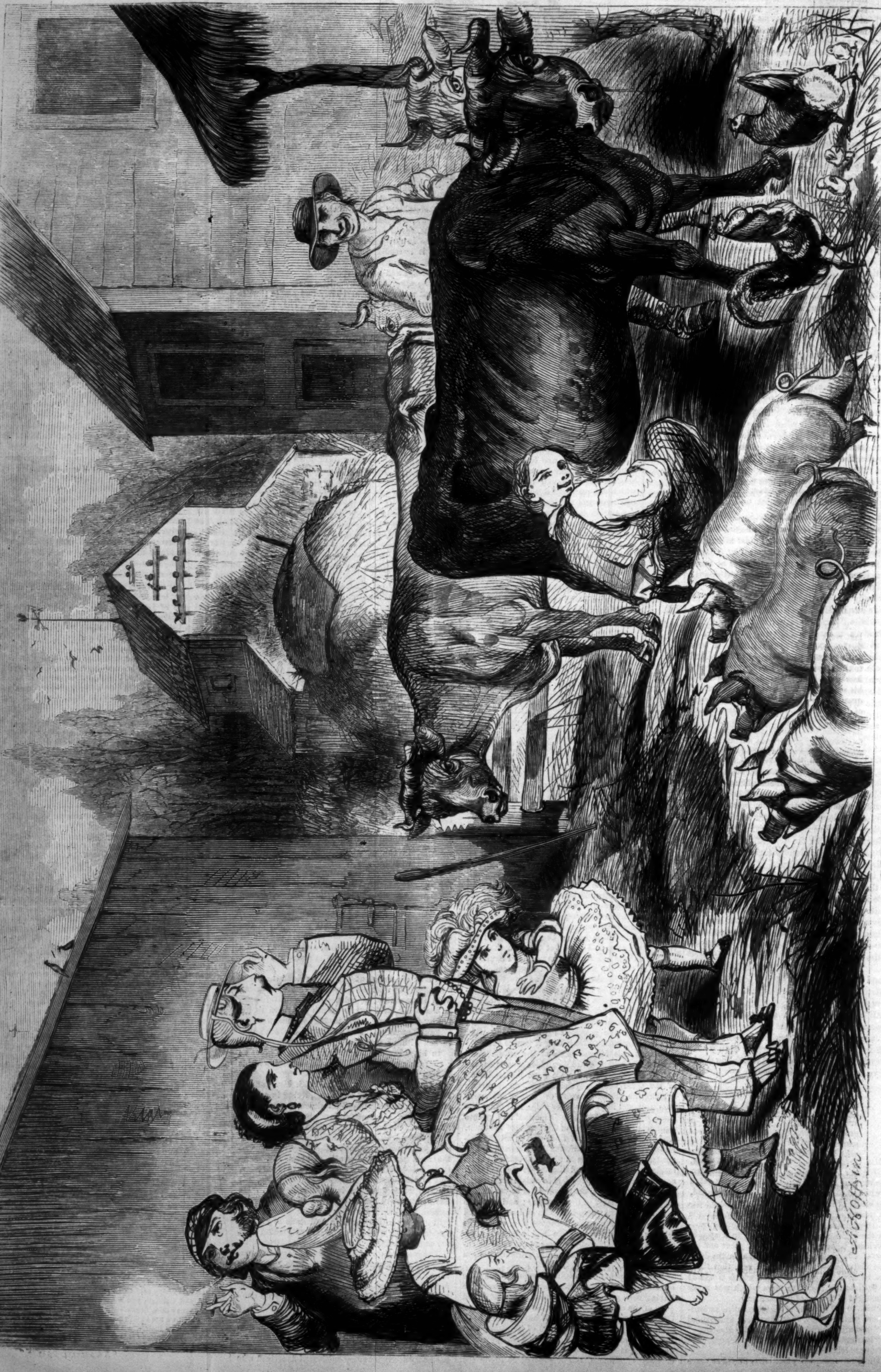
"By counting the spots on such a pack of cards, or counting the pictures on a modern pack for what they represent, you have 364—one less than the number mentioned by the soldier. It is generally considered (and was especially so in olden time) that the ace of spades has the *honorary* right of counting one more than any other card in the pack; and the ace of spades of an ancient pack which I once saw had an extra spot—a small one inside of a large skeleton character of the same kind, which was surrounded by a wide fancy border. So, to make up the required number of spots mentioned by the soldier, add this honorary one to the 364 already given, and the thing is done.

ONE *Subscriber*."

"ROOM RUN, PENNSYLVANIA, *September*, '58.

"MY DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—In your edition of September 11, you undertake to explain the way the old soldier managed to get 365 spots in a pack of cards, attributing it to his ready wit, etc.; and then you go on to say there are but 228 spots in a pack. Now if, after applying (and *skillfully* too) three such authorities as Smith, Daboll, and Colburn, you are able to find but 228 spots, please count again, depending on your own head. The cards which we use in this section of country contain 232 spots; in many instances a few more would be acceptable, but the Arkansas cards don't reach us. You recollect the peculiarity of them.

"A CONSTANT READER."



FIFTH AVENUE IN THE COUNTRY.

## FIFTH AVENUE IN THE COUNTRY.

THE picture on the preceding page will explain itself. When Fitz-William Montgomery, who has recently come into his uncle's property on Fifth Avenue, so far forgets the obligations of his rank as to seek country air and recreation in the dog-days in an unfashionable rural resort, he not unfrequently realizes the predicament which the artist has depicted. Pigs, cows, milk-maids in shirt-sleeves and breeches, fat-bodied cocks and hens, farm servants not *à l'eau de rose*, troughs full of the provender which we are told the Prodigal Son (poor fellow!) was once glad to get—what a contrast to the scented, glossy, bright and shining company which Fitz-William leads! How he stares and sniffs! And who laughs the heartiest, his party at the rustics, or the rustics at them?

## HYMN TO OLD OCEAN.

ROLL softly, Ocean! o'er thine ancient bed,
So long unclaimed by any power but thee;
No longer lift in pride thy hoary head,
Or toss thy locks in wild, unconquered glee—
Thou *hast* at length *been conquered*, oh, thou Sea!

Down, down, beneath thy darkest, deepest wave,
Where ever-brooding stillness reigns serene—
Far, far below the seaman's nameless grave,
'Mid coral stems and jewels' sparkling sheen,
A strange, dark, gliding form is dimly seen!

The monster shapes thy restless deep supplies
Play their huge gambols round the slender thing,
And start—and stare—with wild, uncouth surprise,
When from its magic touch they upward spring,
And dreadful bellowings make thine arches ring!

Hush, hush thine awful thunders, sounding Sea!
Oh! cradle softly on thy mighty breast
This child of Science we intrust to thee—
Ah! lull it gently to eternal rest,
Nor break the bond that makes two nations bless'd!

Ay—hush thy thunders—for "the still, small voice"
That whispers to us from thy secret caves,
And bids our heart-strings tremble or rejoice,
Is louder than thy fiercest mountain-waves,
When round our shores the roaring tempest raves.

No more shall pining wife or mother wait
The bark's slow passage, for the welcome word
That tells her anxious ear the happy fate
Of darling son, or honored, absent lord—
Swift as the lightning's flash this cord shall speak,
And call the flush of youth to faded cheek!

The same sweet Power that whispered "Peace, be still!"
When thy rude dashings touched his sacred feet,
Has bent even thee, old Ocean! to His will,
And caused "the ends of earth" in joy to meet;
Praise to His holy name! we can no more,
But bow our hearts in silence—and adore!

## LAUNCH OF A NEW CRINOLINE.

A LADY of Fashion launched a new Crinoline last week in Union Park. The attempt was perfectly successful, several little boys, who had been attracted by the novelty of the sight, doing honor to the occasion by cheering lustily. A policeman looked on, but displayed, in addition to a new star, his wisdom by not interfering. The Crinoline in question was built at the celebrated establishment of MESDAMES FLOUNCE & FURBELOUGH, in Great Jones Street, on the second floor, though, we believe, the bold design and general contour of its fine sweeping proportions emanated in the first instance from the accomplished scissors of MADEMOISELLE FANNI SMITH (the leading architect of the firm, and German cousin of the first lady), who studied, if we are not misinformed, for several years under some of the most talented mistresses of the divine art, in some of the most inspired *ateliers* in Paris. The boldness of the *coupure* is such that MICHAEL ANGELO himself, had Necessity driven him to work for a milliner, would not have been ashamed to have owned it for his handicraft. The workmanship is of the most exquisite nature, double silk having been used all throughout the building. It occupied six apprentices incessantly for five days, though they worked in their ardor of the cause not less than fourteen hours every day, and on one occasion, nervously anxious to sustain the reputation of the house that had guaranteed to send home the dress the following morning, they never went to bed at all! The high finish of the execution reflects the greatest credit on all concerned. It is a truly noble specimen of milliner's architecture, there not being a slip (we forget how many there are between the heel and the hip) but what is a perfect hit.

The following proportions will give some idea of the enormous size of this new Crinoline:

| | Feet. | Inches. |
|---|---|---|
| Extreme length | 8 | 7 |
| Length on the pavement | 2 | 5 |
| Size of pocket for *mouchoir*, etc. | 3 | 7 |
| Extreme breadth across the shoulders | 2 | 6 |
| Extreme breadth round the base | 18 | 3 |
| Breadths let in afterward | 5 | 7 |
| Depth of flounces | 1 | 6 |

Burden in pounds.... 92 15-30ths.

The new Crinoline is Paris-rigged. Its colors are *chocolat au lait* on a rich bread-and-butter ground. The pennant flying at her head is a small *marabout* feather. The cost of its construction, with its fittings up and all, was little short of $213; a very insignificant sum, when we take into consideration the immensity of the dimensions, which are unquestionably the largest of any Crinoline that ever left the slips of a milliner's building-yard. A companion exactly similar was instantly put on the stocks of the establishment, and will be ready in ten days, if not sooner, the fair craft having received orders to cruise without loss of time in the harbor.

Notwithstanding her bulky build, the new Crinoline sails very lightly, doing easily, without pitching or rolling, her two or three knots an hour. She answers readily, too, when civilly spoken to.

DE MARMAID IN DE CREEK.

The Crinoline started off capitally, though a momentary delay was occasioned by a tremendous hulk of a Newfoundland Dog coming in collision with the train that was beginning to spread out, with every bit of *moire antique* being stretched to its last stitch, behind, and so causing her to pull up a little too taut. She soon steadied, however, and, hoisting a Honiton vail, went off at a rattling pace, which she maintained with flying parasol for full two hours and a half.

Later in the afternoon she put into Taylor's, and took in provisions, in the shape of an ice and a wafer biscuit; and afterward, on her way home, scudding gayly through the Union Square, spoke with a yachtsman, with whom she exchanged signals of distress, lest she should be late for dinner.

The success of the Launch was the theme of ecstatic congratulation among the fair owner's young friends who happened to run in during the evening. One young lady went so far as to pronounce it "a duck of the first water."

## FACT, FANCY, AND FUN.

BY A SOUTHERN LAWYER.

### "PLAYING MARMAID."

THE following is from a truthful negro, an eye-witness to the scene in "totium verbis:"

"And you neber hear how Mass Elick tried to play marmaid? I tell you what, you bin dar you die laughing. His bref gin out, an he had to lef de element he warnt born into.

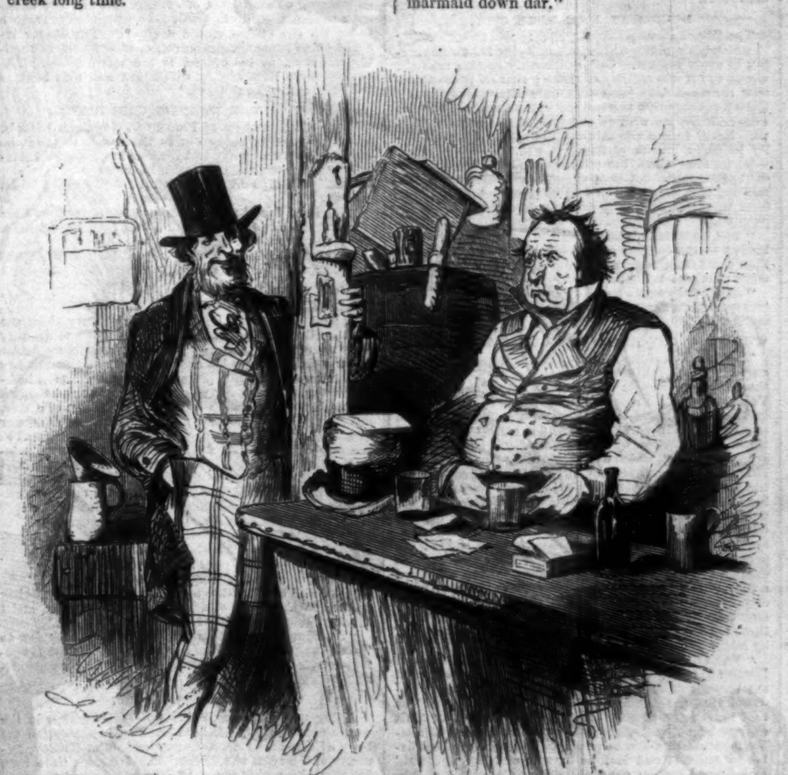
"I tell you how it was. De old man tell Mass Elick, nex time he go in washing wid dem nigger boys Sunday, he gwine to whip him. Mass Elick he take caution from dis, and keep way from dat creek long time.

"But one Sunday morning in de month of August, he forgit heself and tuck de nigger boys down, and dey all go in washing. I cum by dar, and tell Mass Elick he better mind, de old man find him out, and den he ketch it. He say dar was no danger, de old man done went to meeting. I thought so too; but, by gosh! I look up and seed de old man cum riding right down to de creek, which war de nighest way to de church, on horseback. Mass Elick seed it was no use to run, so he went down on de side de old man was coming, which war kivered wid thick bush, and jis as de old man ride in, he dive, calculating to stay under dar till de old man pass. Dis was cunning in Mass Elick, but warn't cunning nuff. De old man war on he high-blooded mar, which stop to drink, and Jerry he no half water em; she was dry for true, and did drunk and drunk, and seem like she neber git nuff.

"Mass Elick did rose outn dat water 'bout two foot from dat mar's nose jist like marmaid; quicker as any lightning you eber seed, dat mar swap ends and spilt de old man clean outn sight into de element. I tell you what, dar was no marmaid in him; he tuck de udder side of dat question, and instid of seeing how long he stay under dat water, he seed how soon he bile outn dar. And when he did shook heself and sloshed de water outn he hat, he say to Mass Elick, 'Whar did you come from?' Mass Elick he was wusser off dan de man at de wedden supper what did not have on de fashionable coat; he was naked as Adam in de orchard, afore he busted on de apple question: he was silent.

"But when de old man tuck de path for home, de way de mar had scooted, de way Mass Elick buse Jerry for not watering dat mar, was caution to all niggers.

"But he say, he reckon de old man wouldn't whip him hard, as he tuck a splunge heself dis Sunday morning. You neber git dat mar to cross dat ford no more; she always consate she smell marmaid down dar."



"THERE IS BUT ONE WAY TO DO A THING—A RIGHT WAY AND A WRONG ONE, AND I'VE MISSED BOTH."

## THE MAN WHO FAILED AFTER TRYING BOTH THE RIGHT AND WRONG WAY.

LONG before the days of soda-founts there lived in the classic village of Athens, in the State of Georgia, an odd character by the name of Byers, or "Uncle Johnny Byers," as he was more familiarly called. His occupation was that of retail grocery-keeper. Two very prominent traits exhibited themselves in his character—*avarice* and *drunkenness*. Which of these passions mostly predominated, was well understood by all who knew him. As much as he loved intoxicating drinks, he loved gold more! He has been known to stand for days and weeks amidst barrels and decanters, and all the allurements to entice the appetites of others, and never touch a drop. But let one of his customers call for half a pint (they never bought less in those days), and leave some of it, no matter what kind, and Johnny Byers would not return it to the vessel from whence he drew it; nor, by any means, would he throw it away; he considered it clear gain, and would drink it himself. From this grocery "waif" he derived all his grog.

A waggish patron of John's, knowing well his frugal habits, determined to see to what extent he could be carried by them. One morning in April Bob (for such was his name) called at the grocery, and asked for a glass of soda-water.

"It is early in the season; besides, I don't know I have any of the powders: wouldn't lemonade do as well?" said Johnny.

"I must have soda or nothing," replied Bob.

"Let me see if I can find a box," said the grocery-keeper; and, after a considerable search, produced a small oblong tin box containing the desired powders, and a printed label on the top, directing how they should be mixed, etc.

"It's been so long since I made any I have forgotten how it is compounded," continued Johnny.

Putting on his glasses and taking up the box, he read in an undertone, but sufficiently loud for Bob to hear, as follows: "Put the contents of the white paper in a tumbler one-third filled with water, and the contents of the blue paper in another tumbler half filled with water; put the lemon-sirup in the tumbler containing the contents of the white paper; mix and drink while effervescing." He mixed the powders according to the directions, but when he turned to get the sirup, Bob changed the tumblers! As soon as the sirup reached the soda, the combination commenced a lime-slacking bubbling.

"Jerusalem! I have missed it!" said Johnny. Throwing the contents of both tumblers together, he gulped the "ill-brewed beverage" down; and as the last of it passed his larynx, his countenance gave unmistakable signs that a strange and suspicious guest was forming a searching acquaintance with the coats of his stomach. He washed the glasses, and said he was not particular enough in reading the instructions, etc. After a close examination of the label, he made a second effort, with the same result, as Bob changed the glasses again. With a loud and profane exclamation Johnny swore he had missed it again, and again swallowed the disjointed fluid.

Relieving his now crowded stomach with a loud belch, he cleansed again his tumblers, and asseverated loudly there should be no mistake next time.

Placing his hat on the counter, and putting the top of the box containing the label on it, he read loud enough to be heard across the street, "'Put the contents of the blue paper in one tumbler, the contents of the white in another; pour the lemon-sirup in the tumbler containing the contents of the white.' Here it is on my right and on your left; there can not be any mistake this time." As he turned to get the sirup, "Presto, change!" and Bob had him again! Astonishment, impatience, and anger, were all visible in his countenance, when, with a desperate effort, he shut his eyes, threw back his head, and swallowed for the third time the incongruous mixture. He complained of sour-belch, water-brash, and an inclination to burst open! told Bob he must call in the evening, and, if he survived, would learn by that time how to mix the "stuff."

Bob would not be put off; must have the soda-water then or never; insisted that the man who put up the powders made a mistake—those in the blue papers he intended for the white, and *vice versa*.

Johnny caught at the idea, prepared for a fourth trial, and this time Bob's juggling was not necessary. He was mixing wrong. Of course he failed, but did not fail to imbibe. Throwing himself back, placing his hands on his stomach—which he declared felt like turning inside out—he exclaimed, "There is but one way to do a thing—a right way and a wrong one; and I must be a great simpleton to have missed both!"

Bob then mixed a glass properly, and drank it off, to the astonishment of the gas-blown grocery-man. He also explained how he had tricked him.

"I shall charge you with five glasses of soda-water," said Johnny, greatly excited.

"Do you think it right for you to do all the drinking and make me pay for it, and you have a grocery?" replied Bob.

"Me do the drinking, indeed! The sour soap-suds should never have gone down my throat, but for you making me ruin the soda-water." The two last words seemed to have been thrown, by some sort of an explosion, into Johnny's nose; and if words could smell sour, they doubtless did. After a pause he said, if he had not seen so many fools take it without being killed, he would be very uneasy and alarmed about the load he had aboard—but was satisfied and consoled with the reflection that it was a medicine or drink not dangerous to men of small understanding. This, he thought, would save him; and looking angrily at Bob, he said "it was a good thing (for him) it set so well on the stomach of a ras—"

Here Johnny was seized with a very equivocal paroxysm, whether of vomiting, belching, choking, or bursting, Bob never staid to inquire; and left before the grocery-keeper recovered his breath sufficiently to finish the insulting and opprobrious epithet.

## LITERARY.

The Life of Mary Anne Schimmelpenninck, published by Longman, is a remarkable work. Intensely German, yet full of interesting literary anecdotes and sketches of eminent men. We take it up in passing only to extract a new and fresh ghost-story to be added to the list:

"While Dr. Priestley occupied the post of librarian to Lord Shelburne, one day Mr. Petty, the precocious and gifted youth whom I have mentioned, sent for Dr. Priestley (Lord Shelburne being then absent, I think, in London). When the Doctor entered Mr. Petty told him he had passed a very restless night, and had been much disturbed by uncomfortable dreams, which he wished to relate to Dr. Priestley, hoping that by so doing the painful impression would pass away. He then said he dreamed he had been very unwell, when suddenly the whole house was in preparation for a journey; he was too ill to sit up, but was carried, lying down, into the carriage; his surprise was extreme in seeing carriage after carriage, in an almost interminable procession. He was alone, and could not speak; he could only gaze in astonishment. The procession at last wound slowly off. After pursuing the road for many miles toward London, it at last appeared to stop at the door of a church. It was the church at High Wycombe, which is the burial-place of the Shelburne family. It seemed, in Mr. Petty's dream, that he entered, or rather was carried into, the church; he looked back; he saw the procession which followed him was in black, and that the carriage from which he had been taken bore the semblance of a hearse. Here the dream ended, and he awoke. Dr. Priestley told him that his dream was the result of a feverish cold, and that the impression would soon pass off. Nevertheless he thought it best to send for the family medical attendant. The next day Mr. Petty was much better; on the third day he was completely convalescent, so that the doctor permitted him to leave his room; but as it was in January, and illness was prevalent, he desired him on no account to leave the house, and, with that precaution, took his leave. Late the next afternoon the medical man was returning from his other patients; his road lay by the gates of Bowood, and, as Lord Shelburne was away, he thought he might as well call to see Mr. Petty, and enforce his directions. What was his surprise, when he had passed the lodge, to see the youth himself, without his hat, playfully running to meet him! The doctor was much astonished, as it was bitterly cold, and the ground covered with snow. He rode toward Mr. Petty to rebuke him for his imprudence, when suddenly he disappeared—whither he knew not, but he seemed instantaneously to vanish. The doctor thought it very extraordinary; but that probably the youth had not wished to be found transgressing orders, and he rode on to the house; there he learned that Mr. Petty had just expired."

J. Hammond Trumbull, Esq., of Hartford, has heretofore laid the public under obligations by the publication of two volumes of the Public Records of the Colony of Connecticut, and is now about to issue a third volume, bringing the records down from 1667 to 1689. This publication is undertaken by Mr. Trumbull at his own expense, for the love he bears to Connecticut and her early history. He will publish only so many copies as are subscribed for prior to October 16. But the expense of the publication is nothing compared with the labor and skill required to decipher the hieroglyphics of those old times. We believe that it is well understood in New England that no other man is able to do it.

The records of the colony of Connecticut possess interest, in a historical point of view, which every American citizen, especially if of New England descent, will appreciate. Here are old wills, and old family names and stories. Here are the accounts of stout men and excellent women from whom we are all proud to claim descent, in their dealings with one another, with a common enemy, and with their God. The volumes already issued bear all the exciting character of romance. The pages are inexhaustible in interest. There is one last will of an old divine, in the first volume, which is a model of simple, yet grand, thought—a will which alone was a more valuable legacy than the lands it devised. We recommend every family of New England descent to subscribe for the forthcoming volume, and procure the first two with it. Mr. Trumbull's labors will be particularly valuable to the cause of history; and in the value which all historians will place on the books, enriched as they are by his careful and judicious notes, he will find the reward of his disinterested work.

William Radde (New York and Philadelphia) publishes a Manual of Homœopathic Theory and Practice, with a treatise on the homœopathic treatment of surgical diseases, by Dr. Hempel and Dr. Beakley, Professors in the Homœopathic Medical College of Pennsylvania. The volume is intended for family use as well as for students and practitioners. It opens with an essay on homœopathy and the law of cure according to this school of medicine. The body of the volume contains directions for the application of homœopathic remedies to each and every disease which flesh inherits.

Whatever has been the improvement introduced in medical science by homœopathy, about which doctors and patients differ, it is not to be denied that it has done much toward bringing common sense to bear on the treatment of diseases. Even when ridiculing the new doctrines as essentially absurd and senseless, the "regular practitioner" finds himself impelled to abandon the old-fashioned style of treatment according to rule, and apply to each case the results of his own examination and opinion, independent of the practice which his predecessors pursued in such cases.

There is a chance for advance in medical science now. All the wisdom of the world has not been exhausted heretofore, as some of the older sorts of medical men were wont to imagine. Already a little less medicine and a little more care is recommended by the most sensible allopathic physicians.

We confess that, until we examined the work before us, we did not know any thing about homœopathy. Too many who have condemned it as a system are as ignorant as we were. Dr. Hempel has a distinguished reputation in Philadelphia, while Dr. Beakley is known in New York, as well as the former city, as a very accomplished physician and surgeon, and a gentleman of excellent judgment and discretion. Probably no two homœopathic physicians could be found better qualified to prepare a manual of the theory and practice of their school. The volume is intended for family use; and we may safely recommend it even to those who are accustomed to the other practice; for its admirable directions on the general subject of health and disease; its sound advice, which all classes of medical men will approve; and, furthermore, as a very readable and intelligible account of the homœopathic practice.

No error is greater, as we learn from the book before us, than the idea that homœopathic physicians give only infinitesimal doses. In many instances, especially in cases of what is commonly called acute disease, the practice recommended is as severe as any allopathic physician ought to desire. In treating of fever and ague, the authors remark that "some attacks will yield perfectly to a few globules of the thirtieth potency of ipecacuanha; others have to be treated with quinine in substance; others, again, are readily controlled by a few globules of the thirtieth potency of cinchona; whereas, in thousands of cases, arsenic has to be given in doses of one-fifth of a grain."

We can not lay the book down without referring to the admirable essay on Hygiene, and the general care of the body. No family can fail to profit by the study of this chapter; and we recommend our readers, without consulting their medical advisers, to take the private advice of this book, which will be well worth ten times the fee to the publisher which it will cost them.

We have from Ticknor & Fields The Betrothed, in two volumes, being the continuation of the "Household Waverley." We can not too often call attention to this really exquisite edition, every successive volume of which tempts us to a new reading of the old favorites. The issue is approaching completion; and he who has taken it volume by volume will not feel the price, while he will possess a copy of Scott which we consider decidedly superior to any other extant, not even excepting the author's favorite edition.

Peterson publishes another novel by Mrs. Southworth—The Two Sisters. The story, as usual with this lady, is chiefly laid in Virginia, but the history of Magdalen, the heroine, or one of the heroines, carries her through strange scenes and adventures in Paris and London. We have always admired the power of Mrs. Southworth as a writer, and consider some of her novels as of the highest rank. The present is, perhaps, equal in interest of plot to any she has written, but lacks the polish which she was formerly accustomed to give her finished works.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### STOPPAGE OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

Mr. Field has published the following card: "I have received, from Newfoundland, a dispatch informing me that although the insulation of the ocean cable remains perfect, no message has come over it for several days. The last telegraphic dispatch that I received from England was dated London, September 1. What may be the cause of the cessation I do not know, but I conjecture that it is the change of the shore end at Valentia, which I was informed was about to be made.

"Cyrus W. Field.

"New York, *September* 8, 1858."

### THE CABLE NOT BROKEN.

Mr. de Santy, the electrician in charge of the Atlantic telegraph at Trinity Bay, declines to make any statement relative to the cable for publication beyond the positive assurance to the Agent of the Associated Press that there are only temporary difficulties of an electrical natnre, and that there is no reason whatever for the rumor that the cable had parted.

### LATEST FROM SALT LAKE CITY.

The Salt Lake mail has arrived at Leavenworth. It was 21 days *en route.* The Mormons and the orderly and Government officials were attending to their business. As soon as the Associated Judges arrived, the trials for treason would be commenced. No arrests had yet been made. The Indians were very troublesome about the city, and had killed several of the Mormons. One family were massacred while moving south. Dr. Forney, Indian agent, was out among the tribes making treaties, and has thus far been successful. Engineers were out locating the four posts on the western division of the mail route.

### DOINGS AT SALT LAKE CITY.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "It is interesting to watch the rapidity with which this city is now improving in every respect. One can hardly realize that six weeks ago it was entirely deserted; that all these stores now thronged with customers were closed, and that all these dwellings now surrounded with noisy little urchins were fastened up, with doors nailed and windows boarded. Never before was this city the scene of such activity in every branch of business, and I doubt whether, since its foundation, the people have been more happy than at present. All look cheerful and contented, as if satisfied that they were now to be protected by the laws from whatever they may consider as oppression or imposition.

"The mercantile interests of the Territory will be attended to the coming season—for there will be no less than eight Gentile stores here during the next winter, the usual number having been two.

"About 600 wagons and 7000 oxen are employed in the transportation across the plains of the goods for these merchants."

### WHO FIRST CONCEIVED THE OCEAN TELEGRAPH.

The directors of the Atlantic Telegraph have published a statement as to the origin of the Telegraph. We make the following extract: "With respect to Mr. Horace B. Tebbetts and Mr. Frederick N. Gisborne, the two persons particularly alluded to in those communications, there is written evidence to disprove the claims of both of them. The Charter of the Newfoundland Electric Telegraph Company, which was obtained by Mr. Gisborne in 1852, did not authorize nor allude to a telegraph across the ocean. When our negotiations with that Company began in the early part of 1854, we found it almost entirely in the hands of four persons, Mr. Tebbetts, Mr. Gisborne, Mr. Otis P. Jewett, and Mr. Darius B. Holbrook. With them the negotiations were carried on, principally through Mr. Tebbetts and Mr. Gisborne. To explain their plans and resources they put into our hand a copy of their charter, a prospectus, a list of their property, some testimonials to their engineer, and their latest circular, dated New York, January, 1854. In none of these is there the remotest allusion to crossing the ocean by telegraph.

"The charter of the New York, Newfoundland, and London Telegraph Company was drawn by one of us, on the passage from Boston to St. Johns, and was introduced into the Legislature of Newfoundland, and was read for the first time on the 28th of March, 1854. This charter began by declaring that it was 'deemed advisable to establish a line of telegraphic communication between America and Europe by way of Newfoundland,' and by one section gave authority to establish a submarine telegraph across the ocean from Newfoundland to Ireland; by another section prohibited any other Company or person from touching the coast of Newfoundland or its dependencies with a telegraphic cable or wire from any point whatever for fifty years; and by a third section, granted the Company fifty square miles of land upon the completion of the submarine line across the Atlantic."

### THE REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

The American and Republican Conventions failed to effect a union last week, and separate tickets have been nominated. Immediately on the assembling of the Republican Convention at Syracuse, on 9th, a motion was made to proceed to nominate, *viva voce*, candidates for Governor and all other State officers to be supported by the Republican party. It was urged that such a proceeding would be improper during the absence of the Committee of Conference, as their report might influence the future action of the Convention, and the motion was laid on the table, after some debate. The motion was then made that when the nomination for Governor came up, it should be informal, and the vote be *viva voce.* A strong effort was made to strike out the words "*viva voce,*" and insert in their place the words "by ballot," but it was voted down, after considerable discussion—149 to 85. General Nye, from the Committee of Conference, now reported the result of their deliberations, stating that it received the sanction of six out of the eight members composing the Republican committee. Messrs. Upham and Talcott, the two dissenting Republicans, then explained the grounds of their disagreement, when a very excited debate sprung up, which ended in the report being referred to the Committee on Resolutions, with instructions to report whether it formed a basis for a proper union, and an adjournment was had to two P.M. On reassembling, a series of resolutions was submitted against the acceptance of the report, and discharging the Conference Committee, which was adopted amidst considerable excitement. A motion was immediately made to proceed to ballot for a candidate for Governor, which motion was adopted, and, after some preliminary speech-making, the Hon. E. D. Morgan was nominated on the second ballot. The nomination was made unanimous; and Robert Campbell, of Steuben, was subsequently nominated by acclamation as candidate for Lieutenant-Governor. A Committee was appointed to notify the Americans of the action taken, and to inquire what names they had to propose. A recess of half an hour was then taken. After the recess the proceedings of the Republicans gave offense to the Americans, and all chances of a union were lost. The Convention perfected its ticket as follows:

*For Governor*.................... E. D. Morgan.
*For Lieutenant-Governor*.......... Robert Campbell.
*For Canal Commissioner*.......... Hiram Gardner.
*For State Prison Inspector*........ —— Everest.

### THE AMERICAN STATE CONVENTION.

The American Convention did not organize until 11 o'clock of 9th, owing to the delay of the Committee of Conference in agreeing upon a report. When the Committee came in, Mr. Brooks announced that a report had been agreed upon, unanimously on the part of the Americans, and nearly so on the part of the Republicans. A long and spirited debate ensued on the propriety of its adoption, when, it being understood that the Republicans had discharged their Committee and taken the report from their hands, pending a motion to lay the resolutions on the table, the Convention adjourned till 3 o'clock. On reassembling, the proposition to table was lost. Various messages then passed to and fro between the two Conventions, relative to the terms of an agreement, but it was found impossible to coalesce, and the Americans proceeded to the nomination of an independent State ticket, which was perfected as follows:

*For Governor*.................... Lorenzo Burrows.
*For Lieutenant-Governor*.......... N. S. Benton.
*For Canal Commissioner*.......... J. R. Thompson.
*For State Prison Inspector*........ W. A. Russell.

The Convention, after mutual congratulations, then adjourned.

### COLLISION BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES TROOPS AND THE CIVIL AUTHORITIES.

At the Ocean House ball a body of the Government troops were called upon to keep order, and the Newport *News* tells the following story of the consequences: "Certain streets and avenues leading to and past the Ocean House were tabooed to the public during the ball, and soldiers were detailed to guard them. The moment those assembled saw these streets guarded by United States soldiers, their 'dander' was up, and continued to rise as they saw individuals and carriages summarily ordered about by the soldiers. About ten o'clock, the Mayor drove up in his carriage. Being told that no carriage would be allowed to pass an avenue open to the public on other occasions, he concluded that he was the right man to test the matter, and essayed to pass through in his carriage, when a soldier on horseback rode up and ordered him to stop. The Mayor declared his determination to proceed, and told the fellow to go about his business or he would have him put in the watch-house. At the same moment, a by-stander informed the soldier that he was addressing the Mayor of the city. The only reply was, 'I don't care a d—n for the Mayor or any body else,' and drawing his sabre, he rushed forward after the Chief Magistrate, who by this time had passed up and alighted from his carriage, coming near trampling him under his horse's feet. The Mayor at once sent for the manager of the ball and asked him what it all meant, and was referred to Colonel Magruder. This gentleman, on being remonstrated with for the unwise proceeding of bringing a detachment of soldiers into the city under such circumstances, expressed his willingness to remove them 'in the course of the evening.' The Mayor insisted on an immediate removal, or they would be forcibly removed, by his orders, to the watch-house. The soldiers were immediately withdrawn and sent back to the Fort, and quiet restored."

### ONE OF THE ILLINOIS CANDIDATES.

They tell this story of Lincoln in Southern Illinois, where he resides: Being out in the woods hunting, he fell in with a most truculent looking hunter, who immediately took a sight on him with his rifle.

"Halloa!" says Lincoln, "what are you going to do, stranger?"

"See here, friend; the folks in my settlement told me if ever I saw a man uglier than I was, then I must shoot him; and I've found him at last."

"Well," said Lincoln, after a good look at the man, "shoot away; for if I am really uglier than you are, I don't want to live any longer!"

### PERILS OF SERVICE AT QUARANTINE.

One of the reporters tells the following story about one of the police sergeants who has been ordered to do duty at Quarantine: "Yesterday, Sergeant Sam Brevoort stole a few moments from his arduous labors as Commissary to take a walk over the Quarantine grounds. After looking among the tents and new buildings erected, he seated himself on a long rough box under the shade of a tree, and was quietly reflecting upon the unpoetic character of camp life, and the utter want of exalted sentiment in the employment of furnishing beef, bacon, beans, potatoes, bread and butter to sixty policemen. But his reverie was interrupted by hearing a voice, and looking about, he discovered one of the hospital employés addressing him, and the dialogue proceeded as follows:

"'Hullo there, you sojer man,' said the employé.

"'Well,' said Sam, rather vexed at the want of appreciation of his official position, 'what do you want?'

"'Like your seat?' was the next question.

"'Yes,' said Sam. 'Suppose I do. What then?'

"'Well, I only wanted to say that the man in the box you're settin' on died of the yallar jack yesterday, and I kinder thought you might like to know the fact.'

"Sam jumped about twelve feet without stopping to thank the party for his information; he left the Hospital grounds to resume his duties among the commissariat."

### MURDER WILL OUT.

A dog recently brought a skull to his master in the woods near Detroit, Michigan, and on investigation the body of a railroad conductor named John Hickey, formerly of Georgia, was discovered. He must have been killed nearly a year ago. An Irishman named Kennedy is suspected of the murder, but he has escaped. The Detroit *Free Press* says:

"We have here a case which does not often offer. A man is murdered, robbed, and left in the woods, in the midst of a swamp. The murder remains a secret for nearly a year, and is finally revealed by a dog, which brings the skull of the murdered man to his master, having gnawed it for his supper. The letters found reveal the names of the murdered man and the murderer, after the silence of months had rested upon the terrible deed. The murderer is tracked from one extremity of the Union to the other; three times escapes, as if by the interposition of a supernatural aid; and still remains at liberty. The proofs that can be brought against him are overwhelming, and would result in his conviction if he could be found. The facts, until now, have been confined to those first cognizant of them, but so long a time having elapsed, the propriety of making them public is no longer doubtful. The murderer is thought to be somewhere in the North, probably in Illinois or some other Western State."

### PERSONAL.

J. R. Giddings, of Ohio, is engaged in writing the "History of the Anti-Slavery Fight in Congress," and his retirement will enable him to finish the work at an early day.

The subjoined card appears among the advertisements of a Richmond daily paper:

"To the People of Virginia!—I hereby proclaim myself a candidate for the office of Governor of the State of Virginia, and shall urge, with whatever ability I possess, the wisdom of accepting 100,000,000 of acres of the public land, the money accruing therefrom to be applied to the gradual extinction of Slavery, by purchasing the young slaves and their migration beyond the United States. Had Virginia applied the 100,000,000 of acres that she gave to the United States in 1787 to this purpose, the banks of her majestic rivers would now be teeming with a thrifty white population, and strewn with cities, villages, and cottages. She would (among all the States of the Federal Union) have been first in Agriculture, first in Commerce, and first in Manufactures. Give me but a fair field to combat my rivals—I ask no other favor—and the triumph shall be mine.

"Your servant, ever faithful and true,

"Henry Abram."

## FOREIGN NEWS.

### ENGLAND.

### THE LAST TELEGRAPHIC MESSAGE.

The *Times* publishes the following messages, the last received from Newfoundland at our latest dates from England:

"Newfoundland, *August* 24, 11 30 P.M.

"Two miles shore end ample; have half mile small cable plenty: it is stowed on the beach. Two splicers and jointers here. Six gallons naphtha required. Please send authority to draw on Brooking £100, required immediately for laborers' house in a wilderness. Roads to make and woods to cut and clear. Ought to have some more relays; have only one. Great difficulty in sending letters from here. Have written fully."

"Valentia, *Wednesday*, 1 A.M.

"The cable is now working splendidly. We are conversing freely with Newfoundland.

"The signals to and from are strong and perfect. A telegram has just been received, dated New York, 25th, 12 53 A.M., stating that the *Persia* has taken the *Europa's* passengers and mails."

### DECLINE IN THE COMMERCE OF ENGLAND.

The Board of Trade Returns for the month of July show a decrease in the declared value of exports to the extent of more than a million and a quarter as compared with the same month last year—a fact that proves how slowly England is recovering from the great financial crisis of '57. In the foreign trade for the month an increase appears, of the outward entries, of 372 ships and 4679 tons, and on the inward entries of 119 ships and 41,000 tons. The inward coasting trade has increased; but there is a slight falling off in the outward entries.

### MORPHY'S GAMES AT CHESS.

Bell's *Life* contains the following: "Mr. Morphy (who is only about twenty years of age) has favored us with the exact score of all the games he has played since he came to the old country, not thinking it worth while to include a number of games played giving the large odds of rook or knight, all of which he has won. Beginning with Herr Lowenthal—while we write the match is not over; but Morphy has but one more party to win. They have played twelve games, of which Morphy scores eight, draws one, and loses three. With Mr. Barnes, of the St. George's Club, Mr. Morphy has played twenty-six games, winning nineteen and losing seven. With Mr. Boaden, Morphy has played nine games, winning five, losing one, and drawing three. Of twelve games contested with Mr. Bird, Morphy gained no less than ten, drawing one and losing one. With Mr. Hampton, the American has played and won two games; and of six played against the veteran Herr Lowe, the American wins six. With the Rev. Mr. Owen, Morphy played five games, winning four and losing one; and then, giving pawn and move for a match of five games, won all five, drew two, and lost none! It was agreed that if Mr. Morphy beat Mr. Owen at pawn and move, he was to play a second match at pawn and two moves, which second match we shall, doubtless, therefore, hear of in due course, Morphy being remarkably given to carry out all his undertakings."

### MR. MORPHY'S LAST GAMES.

The Birmingham *Journal* has the following: "On Friday the proceedings were almost entirely suspended for the purpose of watching the progress of a chess-playing feat never before witnessed in England. We refer to Mr. Morphy's playing eight games blindfold. His opponents were Lord Lyttelton, President of the Association; Mr. Salmon, the best player Ireland affords; Mr. Kipping, a very strong player; Mr. Avery, Mr. Carr, D. Freeman, Mr. Rhodes, and Mr. Y. R. Wills. The play commenced at one o'clock and terminated about a quarter past six, and resulted in Mr. Morphy winning every game except the one with Mr. Kipping, Secretary of the Manchester Club. The match between Messrs. Staunton and Morphy stands thus: Stake £500 a side, the scorer of the first eleven wins; to commence on the 1st November next."

### NEWS FROM THE LAST ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Captain Collinson has received the following letter from Captain M'Clintock, who started early last year on another expedition for the discovery of some traces of Sir John Franklin:

"Yacht Fox, Holsteinborg,
"*Commenced May* 3, 1858, *closed May* 7.

"My Dear Collinson,—Our cruise hitherto has been short and sharp, most lamentably short, indeed, but, thank God, it is not at an end; the real work is only now beginning. We have only got to repeat the attempt this year. Our progress was finally stopped in Melville Bay, August 18, from which time up to the 25th of April we remained in the pack, drifting southward with it. While beset, we have drifted from 75¼° N. to 63¼° N.; the whole amount is 1194 geographical miles. You will understand what disappointment and anxiety this ill-fortune entailed upon me. For a whole month in Melville Bay our fate hung in the balance. The season was very similar to that of 1848, when I was with Sir John Ross; the whole bay was crammed full of light pack, and there was no land ice. Having previously examined the edge of the middle ice down as far as 72 20 without any prospect of success, there was but one course open to me—to enter the pack whenever a favorable opportunity offered, and trust to boring through into the north water. This is what Sir J. Ross did; and being on the same spot, and also on the same day, and, moreover, a very favorable opportunity of long leads opening out, I tried the same plan. We did not succeed; a long run of southerly winds closed the ice together so much that it did not open again. Still I had the precedent of the *North Star* from which to draw the hope of a drift through into the north water; and this, I think, we should have done in time to save our season but for the grounding of some bergs on a bank off Cape York which it has been our lot to discover. We drift-

ed up within 24 miles of that cape, and subsequently far to the westward before commencing our southern march."

### PROSPECTS OF CAPTAIN M'CLINTOCK.

"We are in excellent health, and the ship uninjured. She leaks a little, and we had to pump her out all winter three times weekly. Forty tons of coal remain on board, and we will take in as much more at the Waigat. As for provisions, we have, excellent in quality, of salt meat seventeen months', preserved meat and pemmican thirteen months', etc. From this you will see how well provided we are, and how easily we can complete ourselves for a third winter at Beechey Island. With regard to my future plans, I see no reason for departing from my original scheme. If early into the west water, I will thoroughly sift the Pond's Bay natives, so as to separate the history of Belcher's abandoned ships from such knowledge as they may possess respecting Franklin's ships. I hope to look into Port Leopold before visiting Beechey Island, as the former would be the place to which we would have to fall back. If the launch is injured, I will take a boat from Beechey Island, and leave her there should I go down Bellot Strait, or at Cape Walker, should I succeed in getting down Peel Strait. Should I get down to the Magnetic Pole I will pass on the east side of King William's Land, communicating with the natives, and into Fish River. If I can manage to complete my work in Fish River by ship, it would be an immense advantage to winter near the southwest angle of King William's Land.

"Disco, May 24.—For the early part of this season I shall be among the whalers, leisurely following their motions; but, should they not persevere to the north as long as I think desirable, I must then judge for myself whether to persevere or return south with them, and seek a southern passage. I purpose sailing to-morrow morning. We shall long remember the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Olrick and all here. Yours very sincerely,

"F. L. M'Clintock."

### THE THACKERAY AND YATES DIFFICULTY.

The *Critic* speaks as follows of the Thackeray and Yates difficulty: "Whether, as a contemporary asserts, Mr. Justice Willes has or has not given an opinion as to Mr. Edmund Yates's cause of action against the Garrick Club for having expelled him, we can not say. It is very unlikely that a judge would commit himself to an opinion upon a case which might possibly come before him in a judicial capacity; but whether that be so or not, we have little doubt that, if Mr. Yates prosecutes his case in a proper manner, the Committee of the Club will awake to the unpleasant fact that they have acted not only unwisely, but illegally. The Club is possessed, we understand, of funded property to the amount of £3000 or £4000, besides the lease of the house, the furniture, plate, wines, etc., and a very valuable collection of pictures. Now, when a member has paid his entrance fee and subscription, he acquires an equal share and ownership with the other members of the Club in each and every part of the property which belongs to the Club. The members are, in point of both law and fact, partners, and they take the common property share and share alike. It may, perhaps, be argued that the laws of the Club form part of each member's contract with his fellow-partners, and that the by-laws give a power of expulsion for gross misconduct or becoming infamous. Even granting that, the Committee will have some difficulty in proving that the description of Mr. Thackeray comes within either category. If we are not misinformed, it will be before a Court of Equity, and not of law, that this knotty point will have to be debated, inasmuch as Mr. Yates's best remedy is by a bill praying to have an account taken of the partnership property, and to have it sold by public auction, and his share of the proceeds paid to him. This seems a very pretty quarrel as it stands."

### WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR AGAIN.

Mr. Landor has ended his long career with an act of speechless infamy. The London *Times* thus epitomizes the story:

"It is with unfeigned reluctance that we perform the duty which has been cast upon us of saying a few words about the trial which took place at Bristol on Monday last, in which Mr. Landor was defendant. Mr. Landor, as is sufficiently notorious, returned to England many years ago weary of his Tuscan expatriation. He fixed himself ultimately at Bath. In that city he made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Yescombe. The lady was the plaintiff in the recent action. Acquaintance ripened by degrees into friendship, or at least into intimacy, and for many years Landor and the Yescombes were in constant, almost daily, intercourse; indeed, it appeared that Landor was in the habit of dining with them about three times a week. In their family there resided for some time a young lady to whose name, although it was mentioned at the trial, we have no wish to give any additional publicity. For some cause unexplained it was judged right that she should leave the Yescombes and be removed to Cheltenham; and this it was which roused Mr. Landor's anger, and led to the publication of the libels. Omitting the dirt, here are a few of the points charged against a lady by Walter Savage Landor: He said that she had been guilty of perjury; that he had given her £18 to pay for him, and that she had stolen half the money; that she had stolen £5 out of a letter which he had given her to put in the Post-office; that she had retained a tradesman's receipt—had not given him the money, but had availed herself of the receipt; that she had stolen seven shillings from the counter of a tradesman's shop: that she had obtained £100 from him under false pretenses. Now, it was not pretended by Mr. Landor's legal advisers that there was a shadow of pretense for any of these charges. They were the mere outpourings of a venomous and cankered spirit.

### THE ANONYMOUS LETTERS.

"Mr. John Forster, the gentleman whose name is so well and so favorably known in the literary world, went down to Bath to see if he could not put an end to a dispute which, as he saw at a glance, could only bring shame and discredit upon Landor. Mr. Forster succeeded in obtaining the old poet's initials to an apology, in which he withdrew all the offensive and libelous charges which he had concocted and circulated against Mrs. Yescombe, and added a promise that they should not be repeated. This well-meant and judicious interference was not, however, destined to be productive of any permanent effect. No sooner was Mr. Forster's back turned but Mr. Landor renewed his attacks, and this time with the most cowardly weapon in the slanderer's armory. Walter Savage Landor, the poet, the man of letters, the gentleman just tottering on the verge of the grave, actually condescended to have recourse to the expedient of anonymous letters, and these letters contained such filth that one may well wonder how the ideas could occur to a human brain. Friendship and sound judgment could do no more for him. One of these anonymous letters was so utterly and indescribably filthy that the counsel for the plaintiff declined to import it into the case. Landor was saved, like the skunk, by the very intensity of his own dirt. When the counsel on his side was called upon, he could not say a word in the defense of the nasty old man, except that the jury should consider his great age. When Landor was a young man, or even a man in middle life, filth was the fashion. A wit and good fellow of the days of the Regency would now be scouted out of decent society if he made any effort to be amusing in his own peculiar line. In such a school Landor had been brought up, and therefore it was suggested that he should be judged by the morality of a former day rather than by the rules of decent behavior which obtain in our own time. Of course the jury would not listen for a moment to such palliation as this. The end was a verdict for £1000 damages against Mr. Landor; but this is the lightest portion of the result. How ineffable is the disgrace to a man of Mr. Landor's ability and reputation, at the close of a long life to be mixed up with so disgraceful a transaction! A slanderer, and the slanderer of a lady—a writer of anonymous letters, and these letters reeking with the foulest odors of the dirtiest stews—a violator of his pledged word—who is it to whom these words must now be applied?

'Who would not weep if Atticus were he?'"

### PERILS OF CRINOLINE.

The *Border Advertiser* says: "The following incident was witnessed the other day, and is, perhaps, the most amusing instance that ever attended the wearing of those hooped balloons in which it is the rage of the present fashion of the fair sex to incase themselves. On the top of Nelson's Monument, on the Calton Hill, Edinburgh, three young ladies appeared, emerging from the rather narrow labyrinthine stair-case which leads on to the gallery, with skirts of enormous extent, which had evidently sustained some squeezing in the progress up. This feat they had managed with the determination which generally distinguishes the sex; but now the question was, How were they to get down again? A pretty strong draught was ascending the funnel-like opening, which completely inflated the crinoline skirts, and in vain did they endeavor to squeeze their hoops into any thing like moderate compass for the descent. The scene that followed baffles description, and had nearly been the death, from convulsions, of the gentlemen who accompanied the party. The result was that two of them were obliged actually to take off the hoops, while the third did not escape to *terra firma* without the sacrifice of a fine green barège dress, which was torn to shreds in her frantic efforts to accommodate herself to the straitness of the occasion. Let fashionable young ladies make a note of this before they attempt the ascent of the monument on a breezy day."

## FRANCE.

### PROGRESS OF DESPOTISM.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* asserts that the administration of M. Delangle has not realized the expectation of fairness and moderation held out at his advent to power. On the 30th of last month twenty persons passed through Toulon on their way to the dismal swamps of Cayenne. These poor wretches had not been sentenced by any public court; they were deported under the so-called law of public safety after secret examination. Among the unfortunates was M. Delecluze, prefect of the department of the Nord under the republic. The treatment of this gentleman was cruel in the extreme.

### A NEW SORT OF MAN-OF-WAR.

It is said that a vessel is about to be built at Cherbourg, to be called *Vaisseau-bélier* (battering ram), a sort of man-of-war, of which the first idea belongs to the Emperor, and which is intended to act by its mass and by its speed; and an expectation is expressed that the introduction of this new element into naval warfare will completely change its character.

### PROBABLE MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF MALAKOFF.

The *Morning Post* says: "The Duke de Malakoff is shortly about to repair to Paris *en congé*. It is understood that, in all probability, the illustrious and gallant bachelor will not return as such to these shores.

"The future duchess is said to be a French lady connected by family ties with the Empress Eugénie.

"It may be hoped, therefore, that the *éclat* so long and necessarily wanting to the French Embassy may be restored under the auspices of an embassadress."

The *Observer* says: "We are assured that it is to sign the marriage contract that the Emperor has put off for eight days his departure for Biarritz. It is also added that the dowry of Mademoiselle Valera will be given by the Emperor, and that it amounts to a million francs. Probably there is some exaggeration in this figure, but it is also stated that the trousseau is given by the Empress. It is further stated that the marriage will take place on the 8th of September, the anniversary of the taking of the Malakoff."

### A WORK THAT TAKES 3000 YEARS TO WRITE.

The Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia *Bulletin* says: "In the course of this present month of August, the Academy will publish the first volume of its Historical Dictionary of the French language, a work commenced fifty years ago. The learned gentlemen have put into practice the precept of Boileau, who, in his *Art Poetique*, advises that we combine the qualities of the hare and the tortoise. The first volume of the dictionary contains about four hundred pages in 4to, and concludes with the word *abusivement*—an adverb that, in this case, seems rather epigrammatic, as far as regards the way in which the authors have used the patience of the public. If the Academy continues to labor with such impetuous zeal, it will reach the letter Z in about 3000 years. Quite an encouraging prospect for those who are inclined to subscribe."

### MARRIAGE BETWEEN TWO WOMEN.

An extraordinary case is now pending before the civil Tribunal of Castelsarrazin, near Toulouse. A lady of that town, who was married so far back as 1845, has brought an action against her husband to have the marriage declared null and void, on the ground that he is not a man but a woman! The tribunal, at her request, has charged three physicians of Toulouse, all professors of the faculty of medicine there, to make a personal examination of the husband, and to report the result. The alleged woman is represented by the local journals to be five feet six inches high, and to be apparently of great strength.

### A TAX ON THE EXPANSION OF HOOPED SKIRTS.

According to the *Courrier de Charleroi* the lessees of dancing saloons in Belgium complain bitterly of the falling off in their receipts, occasioned by the extra space now occupied by crinolines. An instrument, called the "Crinolimètre," has consequently been adopted by some of them, and persons whose crinolines surpass a fixed development are charged an extra admission fee. At a ball given on Sunday 22d, at Montigny, one female was measured and charged an extra 75 centimes; another person, of an economic disposition, preferred reducing her crinoline by taking out two hoops!

### A CAT RACE.

A Paris correspondent writes: "Horse races, donkey races, carrier-pigeon races, human foot races, are familiar to all; and rather dear, it is to be feared, to many of your Anglo-Saxon readers. These sports are most of them as old as the races of men. It was reserved for the men of Liege to make an addition to our cursory amusements, undreamed of by nomadic Tartar or classic Greek, or aristocratic Englishman. They have instituted cat races, the first of which came off a few days ago—I should say a few nights ago, for this novel kind of race differs as much from others of the category in its accidents as, to use a term of the schools, in its *quiddity*. Eighteen cats, belonging mostly to persons living in one quarter of the city, were put into bags, and carried to a bridge more than a league distant, where they all took their start about midnight. The disposition of these animals to return always to their wonted place of abode is well known. The cat first back, under or on the roof of its fathers, came in at half past twelve, and won the prize. The larger part of the rest followed close, and made good time. Two or three only of the whole company, either laggard or dissipated, delayed their return till daylight—rare exceptions to the general rule of feline fidelity and morality.

## TURKEY.

### MORE OUTRAGES ON THE CHRISTIANS.

Advices are said to have been received in Paris from Trebizond of outrages having occurred in that quarter, arising from Mohammedan fanaticism. Some eighty Turks made a razzia on a town called Santa, while the Christian inhabitants were at a church at some distance, which was surrounded, so as to prevent information reaching them. They then completely stripped the town, and outraged the women and girls. Bashi-Bazouks are stated by the same advices to have fired on the encampment of the English Consul, who was on his route from Trebizond to Erzeroum.

### EXTRAVAGANCE OF THE SULTAN.

The murmurs of the Turks at the extravagance of Abdul Medjid are growing louder and more general. The Sultan receives, out of a revenue of less than £8,000,000, a civil list of £1,200,000; but, not content with that, he has contracted debts to the amount of £4,000,000; and such is his mania for building palaces for himself and the different members of his family, that he has now in course of construction eight palaces and five kiosks, or smaller buildings, which are estimated to cost from £8,000,000 to £10,000,000. The present Ministry seem desirous to bring about a financial reform in the palace. They first asked for the reduction of the pay of divers functionaries, and for the abolition of certain offices which are absolutely unnecessary. A gracious answer was returned, but the hint was not taken; the extravagance of his Imperial Highness continued, so that the Ministers, finding more direct measures necessary, at last found courage to send in a new representation, signed by them all, giving a deplorable picture of the financial condition of the country, and pointing out the impossibility of going on any longer at the present rate. What the effect will be remains to be seen. If, as is feared, some self-seeking members of the Ministry try to gain favor by pleading that they were secretly opposed to such a bold and irreverent proceeding, there will be a change, not of the system, but of the Ministry.

## ITALY.

### NEAPOLITAN TYRANNY.

A letter writer says: "His Majesty is still at Ischia, and as a proof of the extraordinary precautions taken by the police, I may instance the following case: As the King was driving the other day a man held up his hand with a petition. His Majesty ordered him to be brought, and received his petition. Directly afterward he was seized by the gens d'armes, severely beaten, and then thrown into prison, where, after four days' confinement, his friends could obtain no information about him."

## EGYPT.

### AN ARAB IN THE WRONG BOX.

A letter from Cairo of the 9th says: "A curious circumstance occurred a few days ago in this city. A man wearing the costume of a cophte (Arab Christian) went to the shop of an Arab butcher who is noted for his antipathy to the Franks, and ordered some meat. When it was supplied the cophte objected that the weight was not exact, and the butcher in a rage began abusing him, after which he heaped curses on Christians in general. The cophte told him that he would complain to the zabet (police magistrate), and ordered the butcher to accompany him to the tribunal of that functionary. The butcher, thinking that the zabet would be sure to be on his side, readily consented, but on arriving at the tribunal, he found to his vexation that the zabet was no other than his customer. The butcher immediately received 500 blows on the soles of his feet, and was dismissed with a recommendation to be more respectful for the future to Christians."

## INDIA.

### THE PALACE OF THE GREAT MOGUL.

Mr. Russell, the correspondent of the *Times*, has gone to Delhi. We make the following extracts from his letters:

"And, now, we see before us the noblest battlemented wall on which my eyes ever rested. It is the wall of the Palace of the Mogul. A grand face of rich red sandstone, darkened by time, crenellated in two rows, rises to a height of fifty or sixty feet above us, and sweeps to the right and left in melancholy grandeur, slightly broken in outline by turrets and flanking towers. Except the Victoria gate of our new Palace of Westminster, I have seen no gateway so fine in proportion and of such lofty elevation. The massive iron and brass embossed doors open into a magnificent vestibule in a great tower, which rises high above the level of the walls, and is surmounted by turrets and four cupolas of elegant design. On passing the gates we find ourselves in a sort of arcade, vaulted and running for the length of the tower, in the midst of which there is a very small court richly ornamented with sculptured stone-work. The arcade conducts us to an open court-yard, surrounded by houses of excessively poor aspect. At one side there, in the turreted gateway, two of our countrywomen were brutally murdered. But in the court-yard before us a more terrible scene was enacted. There is a dry stone well, in which there once played a fountain, in the centre of the court. Above it a venerable and decaying tree casts an imperfect shadow over the stone seats on which, in former times, those who came hither to enjoy the play of the waters and their refreshing music were wont to repose. It was at this spot, beneath this tree, and round the fountain, that the Christian captives, women and children, after several days of painful respite and anxiety, worse than the fate they dreaded, were hacked to pieces by the swords of the ferocious and cowardly miscreants. Around the very place where that innocent blood ran like water, as grim monuments of retribution, are ranged, row after row, the guns taken from our enemy; our guards are in the gates; and of the many who took part in the murders, it is probable few live to dread the punishment which, sooner or later, will strike them. The mouldering walls of the palace buildings, broken lattices, crumbling stone-work, and doors and wood-work split, decayed, and paintless, the silence only broken by the tread of the sentry, or our own voices, rendered the whole place inexpressibly sad and desolate. But sadder still when one thought of the voices—of the cries—which resounded within these walls one short year ago.

### THE "ELYSIUM ON EARTH."

"On ascending by a flight of steps four or five feet in height to the terrace on which the Dewan Khoss is built, and looking in through the wide arched door-ways, or rather between the rows of pillars on which the roof rests, we saw any thing but the dazzling magnificence for which our little reading had prepared us. In fact, the hall was filled, not with turbaned and bejeweled rajahs, Mogul guards, and Oriental magnificence, but with British Infantry in its least imposing and prepossessing aspect—namely, in its undress, and in its washing and purely domestic hours. From pillar to pillar and column to column extended the graceful arches of the clothes-line, and shirts, and socks, and drawers flaunted the air in lieu of silken banner. Long lines of charpoys, or bedsteads, stretched from one end of the hall to the other—arms were piled against the columns—pouches, belts, and bayonets depended from the walls, and in the place where once blazed the fabulous glories of the Peacock Throne reclined a private of Her Majesty's 61st, of a very Milesian type of countenance, who, with brawny arms bared to the shoulder, as if he were engaged in a matter requiring no ordinary exertion of muscular strength, was occupied in writing a letter for the edification of some humble residence 'West of the Shannon.' The hall was so obscure that the richness of the decorations and the great beauty of the interior were not visible till the eye became accustomed to the darkness, and penetrated through the accidents of the place to its permanent and more pleasing characteristics. Then, indeed, one could form some notion of the extent to which the praises of travelers and poets had been justified in times gone by, and could hear without a smile the scrolled hieroglyphs over the three entrances, in precious stones and metals, translated into the hackneyed and pompous boast. 'Oh! if there be a Paradise on earth, it is this! it is this! it is this!' As one of the soldiers said, 'Begorra, the chap that put up *that* had a droll notion of Paradise anyhow. Wid the hate and the flies I think it must be more like the other place.' The magnificent pavement has been taken up and destroyed, and the hand of the spoiler has been busy on the columns and walls of the Divan.

### THE EX-KING OF DELHI.

"In a dingy, dark passage, leading from the open court or terrace to a darker room beyond, there sat, crouched on his haunches, a diminutive, attenuated old man, dressed in an ordinary and rather dirty muslin tunic, his small lean feet bare, his head covered by a small thin cambric skull-cap. The moment of our visit was not propitious—certainly it was not calculated to invest the descendant of Timour the Tartar with any factitious interest, or to throw a halo of romance around the infirm creature who was the symbol of extinguished empire. In fact, the ex-King was sick; with bent body he seemed nearly prostrate over a brass basin, into which he was retching violently. So for the time we turned our backs on the door-way, and looked around the small court, which was not more than thirty feet square. In one corner, stretched on a charpoy, lay a young man of slight figure and small stature, who sat up at the sound of our voices and salamed respectfully. He was dressed in fine white muslin, and had a gay yellow and blue silk sash round his waist; his head was bare, exhibiting the curious tonsure from the forehead to the top of the head usual among many classes in the East; his face, oval and well-shaped, was disfigured by a very coarse mouth and skin, but his eyes were quick and bright, if not very pleasant in expression. By the side of his charpoy stood four white-tunicked and turbaned attendants, with folded arms, watching every motion of the young gentleman with obsequious anxiety. One of them said, 'He is sick,' and the Commissioner gave directions that he should lie down again; and so, with another salam, Jumma Bukht—for it was that scion of the House of Delhi in whose presence we stood—threw himself on his back with a sigh, and, turning his head toward us, drew up the chudder, or sheet of his bed, to his face, as if to relieve himself from our presence.

### HOW SICK HE WAS.

"That dim, wandering-eyed, dreamy old man, with feeble, hanging nether-lip and toothless gums, was he indeed one who had conceived that vast plan of restoring a great empire, who had fomented the most gigantic mutiny in the history of the world, and who from the walls of his ancient palace had hurled defiance and shot ridicule upon the race that held every throne in India in the hollow of their palms? He broke silence. Alas! it was to inform us that he had been very sick, and that he had retched so violently that he had filled twelve basins. This statement, which was, it must be admitted, distressingly matter of fact and unromantic, could not, I think, have been strictly true, and probably was, in the matter of numeration, tinctured by the spirit of Oriental exaggeration, aided by the poetic imagination of his Majesty. The passage in which he sat contained nothing that I could see but a charpoy such as those used by the poorest Indians. The old man cowered on the floor on his crossed legs, with his back against a mat which was suspended from door-way to door-way, so as to form a passage about twelve feet wide by twenty-four in length. Inside the mat we heard whispering, and some curious eyes glinting through the mat at the strangers informed us that the King was not quite alone. I tried in vain to let my imagination find out Timour in him. Had it been assisted by diamond, and cloth of gold, and officer of state, music and cannon, and herald and glittering cavalcade, and embroidered elephantry, perhaps I might have succeeded, but as it was I found—I say it with regret, but with honesty and truth—I found only Holywell Street. The forehead is very broad indeed, and comes out sharply over the brows, but it recedes at once into an ignoble Thersites-like skull; in the eyes were only visible the weakness of extreme old age—the dim, hazy, filmy light which seems about to guide to the great darkness; the nose, a noble Judaic aquiline, was deprived of dignity and power by the loose-lipped, nerveless, quivering, and gaping mouth, filled with a flaccid tongue; but from chin and upper lip there streamed a venerable, long, wavy, intermingling mustache and beard of white, which again all but retrieved his aspect. He seemed but little inclined for conversation; and when Brigadier Stisted asked him how it was he had not saved the lives of our women, he made an impatient gesture with his hand, as if commanding silence, and said, 'I know nothing of it—I had nothing to say to it.'

### HIS FAMILY.

"His grandchild, an infant a few months old, was presented to us, and some one or two women of the zenana showed themselves at the end of the passage while the Commissioner was engaged in conversation with one of the begums. Here was this Begum, a lady of some 35, very aggravating to the ex-Great Mogul, who was both in pain and anguish, and very anxious to get away from him. 'Why,' said she, 'the old' (yes, I believe the correlative word in English is) 'fool goes on as if he was a king; he's no king now. I want to go away from him. He's a troublesome, nasty, cross old fellow, and I'm quite tired of him.' Bowstrings and sacks!—was not this dreadful language? But the ex-Mogul is a philosopher; he merely asked one of his attendants for a piece of coffee-cake or chocolate, put a small piece in his mouth, mumbled it, smiled, and pointing with his thumbs over his shoulder in the direction from which the shrill and angry accents of queenly wrath were coming, said, with all the shrug and *bonhomie* of a withered little French marquis of the old school, 'Allah! listen to her!' And so we left him alone in his misery. He numbers upward of 82 years, but they are said to be only of lunar months, and that his real age is 78."

## CHINA.

### HOW THE EMPEROR HAS SWINDLED THE ENGLISH.

A Paris letter says that it is affirmed that the 30,000,000 francs of indemnity to be paid by China to the Allies will be paid in English and French money, of which the Emperor of China has got a quantity, to which he attaches no value, it not being current in those parts, and his ideas on the subject of exchange being very vague. I know not how this detail can have come hither, and probably it is merely a fabrication, but it is *ben trovato*, and one can imagine the Chinese potentate and his Ministers chuckling at the idea of overreaching the barbarians by paying them in worthless sovereigns and Napoleons—just as Balzac's usurer, in payment of the diamonds a spendthrift has sold him, hands him a bundle of his protested acceptances.

The amount of the indemnity is not yet certain; nor whether or how it is to be divided between the allies.

### THE TERMS OF THE TREATY.

The *Moniteur* contains the following telegram in advance of the mail:

"*Baron Gros to his Excellency the Minister of Foreign Affairs.*

"Tein-tsin, *June* 19.

"The wishes of the Emperor have been fulfilled in China. That vast empire is thrown open to Christianity, and nearly the whole of it to the commerce and industry of the West. Our diplomatic agents will be allowed to reside temporarily at Pekin. Our missionaries will be admitted every where. A Chinese envoy will be sent to Paris. The murderer of the missionary Chappedelaine will be punished; it will be announced in the Pekin *Gazette*. The laws against Christianity will be revoked. All the engagements are taken, and in part secured (consignés) under the seal of the Imperial Commissioners. France and England obtain the most ample concessions."

## CANADA.

### BOAT-RACING AMONG LADIES.

While we have female equestrianism in New York, the women of Canada have a new way of exercising their bodies, not less effective. The Collingwood *Journal* says that, on the 17th August, four ladies contended, in a boat-race, for a prize of $25. The bay was dotted over with every description of boats, large and small. In the midst of all appeared a trim little white boat, in which were seated two ladies, dressed in white, without hats or bonnets, oars in hand, ready and, apparently, anxious for the contest. Soon another boat, black, and somewhat larger than the other, launched out from the shore, with two lady rowers, also dressed for the occasion, with black straw hats, arms bare, and as cool and calculating as you please. At the signal, the firing of a gun, the boats started, and, after an exciting race, the black came in some fifteen lengths ahead.

### A CATHOLIC SCHISM.

We find the following announcement in a Canadian paper: "The Rev. M. Chiniquy, so well known in Canada as the Apostle of Temperance, and a most eloquent preacher, and whose resistance of Episcopal authority in Illinois has, latterly, excited so much painful feeling among his orthodox compatriots, has, at length, been induced to take a rash and, probably, an irretraceable step. Bishop Duggan, of Chicago, who had succeeded Bishop O'Regan, solemnly ratified the canonical censures and interdict pronounced by the latter against Mr. Chiniquy; whereupon the reverend gentleman, about the 22d ultimo, in the court-house of Kaukakee, and in the presence of a great crowd, made a public declaration that he separated from the Catholic Church, and was going to found a sect, under the denomination of 'Eglise Chretienne Catholique,' independent of Rome and the Bishops. This conduct is said to have offended many who had hitherto adhered to his ministration, and it is supposed that not more than a hundred or so are likely to continue attached to his fortunes." The affair creates some sensation.

# A WEEK AT BADEN; BEING A LEAF FROM A BOHEMIAN TOUR.

THE DANCING AND GAMBLING SALON AT BADEN.

THE action of this remarkable drama commences at Paris, in the year 185–. Two young men of *distingué* appearance are dining in a *café* much frequented by *medicos* of limited pecuniary means. The fact may as well be let out at once; they were dining, *à prix fixe*, at two francs, and the dinner is much better than you will get at some of the swell hotels. The most *distingué* of the young men, of course the writer of this, having finished his strawberries, becomes inspired with an idea. He looks anxiously at the partner of his toils, and ejaculates, "I say, Brown!"—Now Brown was a person with red hair, and of a sanguinary disposition. No one could have had the Saxon idea more firmly fixed than Brown. No matter what country Brown might be in, he looked upon all persons who did not speak the English language as foreigners. Brown lived in a little hotel with a large name, just out of the Place de la Bourse, and half-way between the Temple of Plutus and the Palais Royal. Brown was happy, that is, if happiness can be vouchsafed to any mortal. He had a little cage on the *premier étage*, a copy of Galignani's Guide, a little French dictionary, and a rather smart-looking *concierge*, who used to fix his sleeve-buttons for him in the morning. Then Brown breakfasted in the Palais Royal for two francs, and dined for the same. On grand occasions he patronized the *parterre* of the Grand Opera at four francs.

This state of elysium was rudely broken in upon by the person who made the remark above quoted, "I say, Brown!" The author of the remark was a person who had tempted Brown into many extravagances, and had much disturbed the quiet of that individual's existence. His voice seemed to inspire Brown, who inquired mildly, "What's the matter now?" "Well," returned the interlocutor of Brown, "haven't you had about enough of this? I'm tired of walking up and down the Boulevards and looking at the same faces every day, and then coming here and eating the same dinners. Let's make a break out of this." "Well," returned the agreeable Brown, "where shall we go?" "What do you say to Baden-Baden?" "What's at Baden-Baden?" "Oh! lots of things. There's baths, and all sorts of waters, and *rouge et noir* and *trente-un*, and dukes and princes, and all sorts of things, It is a kind of Saratoga, Blue Lick, and Virginia Springs, all rolled into one."

Brown was delighted at the idea; Brown would go. First, however, he must get his clothes from the tailor's, and then he must do plenty of other tedious things; but finally the distinguished party did start from Paris by the Strasbourg Railway. Brown was somewhat astonished when he saw the first-class saloon hung with purple velvet and adorned with the imperial arms. He thanked the porter kindly, and requested him to tender to administration of the railway his warmest acknowledgments for the courtesy shown to him. The guard said something about *L'Imperatrice*, which Brown didn't hear, being just then in a weak state of mind on account of having to pay five francs extra for baggage. The Station people were all stirred up by the purple velvet and the imperial arrangements. Mrs. Napoleon was going down to Plombières to see the head of the family, and no one could think of any thing but her transit. However, our two adventurers, not being penetrated with devotion to Louis Napoleon or Mrs. Louis Napoleon, stirred up the employés in a lively style, and were soon bowling over the railway at the rate of thirty miles the hour. This express train leaves Paris at seven o'clock in the morning, and reaches Strasbourg, about three hundred miles off, at half past four in the same afternoon—a rate of speed which will compare well with that of our fastest roads.

We dined at the *table d'hôte* of the hotel "De Ville de Paris"—rather a strong name for a tavern in a "one-horse town;" but it is really finer than any ordinary Parisian hotel, though somewhat dearer. You may dine at the *table d'hôte* or *à la carte*, just as you like, and the expense is about the same. In the evening we examined the fortifications and the young women who were walking thereon. The people here are, Brown says, like a glass of half-and-half, generally speaking both German and French. With no very exalted opinion of the beauties of Strasbourg, we stroll back to the "City of Paris," and sleep the sleep of the just.

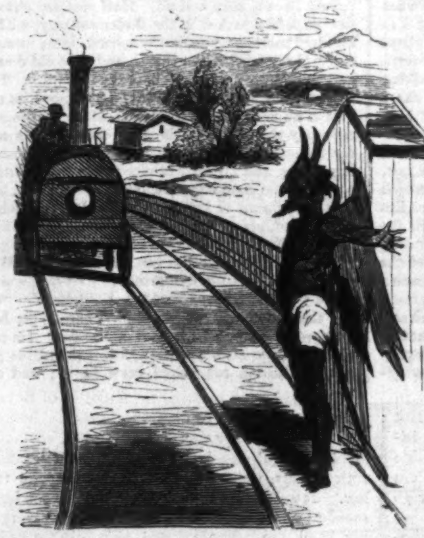
In the morning we are to go to Baden, which my Railway Guide informs me is about eleven English miles off. We are omnibused through the town at half past eleven A.M., and after riding about three miles we arrive at the banks of the Rhine, of which remarkably overrated concern Brown gets his first sight. It has here an attack of yellow jaundice, and is crossed by rather a shaky bridge. There's not a bit of any thing romantic about it save the name. We have here to display our passports. Those in English, from Washington, are only glanced at; while those from the Legation at London, being in French, which the officer can read, are more closely scrutinized. Brown has one of the latter, but, notwithstanding his ferocious appearance, he was not consigned to a dungeon several feet below the surface of the earth, but permitted to cross the Rhine. It was about half past twelve when we rolled into the railway station at Kehl, where our baggage was overhauled by the custom-house officers. Gruff, heavy-bearded, women-frightening fellows they were too. Brown had a packet of fancy soap, which he bought in Paris, because there was rather a good-looking young woman to sell it. The packet struck the officer of the customs as something suspicious. He looked at Brown interrogatively. Brown smiled amiably, and said, "Soap!" Cerberus shook his head. Brown grew excited, and ejaculated "*Savon!*" Another shake, and general indignation of Brown and other passengers waiting for the customary formalities. "Who knows"—exclaimed Brown, in a voice in which desperation and rage were equally mingled—"who knows what soap is in Dutch?" Nobody replied; when Brown, animated by one of those sudden expedients which always occur to great minds when they are in a tight place, rubbed the packet against the beard of the soldier. That was satisfactory. He had heard of some people who wasted their time in washing their faces, and he passed Brown, soap and all. Half past one o'clock saw us safely packed in the Baden railway, with a hundred more tourists, in the second class; numerous "pheasants" in the third; and a fat old dowager, with a poodle, in the first class forward. The second-class cars in Germany are as good as the first class in France or England; so the passengers who pay the extra for the first class are few and far between. They have, however, sofas, lounging-chairs, and all sorts of nice things; in addition to which the conductor always calls the first-class customer Count or Prince, which titles, even when misapplied, are very agreeable to some people's feelings. "Nobody would ever call you so, Brown." "Why not?" "Because you have red hair. Who ever heard of a red-haired prince?" "Why, wasn't there William Rufus?" "What, Blake?" "Oh no, that king that was before Victoria—his hair was red, and so was the Earl of Blanks. He had a ship up the Mediterranean, and painted his gig red, and had a red-haired crew for it; and one

A GAMBLING-TABLE AT BADEN.

*Mademoiselle.*—"PERHAPS MONSIEUR WOULD HAVE ME PLAY FOR HIM. I HAVE VERY GOOD FORTUNE!"

day, when his bow oar ran away, and he couldn't find another red-haired fellow, he shaved a man's head and made him wear a red wig. Then there was a man in Pittsburgh—" "Never mind, I'm satisfied."

The train was now ready to start, but the old first-class dowager asked for a short delay, in order that she might give *Bijou* a promenade. He was a jewel, that dog, and kept his own man. Brown made sarcastic remarks about him, but that did not hurry the train. At last we started, at the rate of about ten miles an hour. It reminded me of what the Union College men used to say about



THE WAY TO BADEN.

the accommodation train from Schenectady to Saratoga. They alleged that they could jump off the cars, pick some berries, and jump on again, without missing once in ten times. We reached Baden at half past four in the afternoon, having traveled at the rate of two English miles per hour. The omnibus was a shade faster than the railway.

The eloquent Murray—what should we do without him?—says "that there can be but one opinion as to the beauty of the town of Baden, embosomed among hills forming an offset or commencement of the Black Forest range, and seated on the banks of the Oos." The same authority tells us that the Romans, who had a remarkably sharp eye for the good things of this life, discovering the mineral springs here, set up a colony; and some remains of their work in the baths may yet be seen. After being thus historical, our Murray has a bit of sarcasm, thus: "During the season, princes may be met with in abundance, but are usually outnumbered by blacklegs."

So much topographical and general information was imparted to Brown as we were preparing to discharge ourselves at the Baden terminus. Brown pricked up his ears when gambling was mentioned, and directed my attention to a rather fast young person of the softer sex, and an old financier, in the same carriage with us.—Brown made a sketch of both.

MADEMOISELLE (*beseechingly*). "Do you play at Baden, Monsieur?"

Monsieur is too much horrified to speak.

MADEMOISELLE. "Perhaps Monsieur would have me play for him. I have very good fortune!"

We—that is, Brown and I—drink very good beer at a brewery near the railway station, and then proceed to the Hôtel de Russie, which our old friend Murray says is "clean and good." They have a cant saying in the West, "He's a clever fellow, but he can't keep a hotel"—as if the keeping of a tavern required the highest mental and physical qualifications. Our hotel-keepers, Brown, are generally too ornate for their business, and leave their customers to the tender mercies of subordinates, who ape the airs of their masters. Here, you see, we are received in a civil way by the proprietor himself, who shows directly to pleasant apartments on the first floor, and overlooking the promenade. When you remember, Brown, the tremendous race which we used to have from the railway at Saratoga to the United States or Congress Hall, you can appreciate the contrast here, where people generally take pains to secure their apartments a day or two beforehand. We seat ourselves quietly at the *table d'hôte*, and already feel as much at home at Baden as if we had been there a month. The dinner is good, the wines splendid—that's real Clicquot that you are drinking, Brown—and, altogether, our lines have fallen in pleasant places.

Life at Baden may be easily described. It is a little town built upon the hill-side, and, like all watering-place villages, seems to have no vitality except what it draws from foreigners. Its chief profit lies in fleecing strangers. The pleasant promenade—the magnificent Conversation House and palatial Drinking Hall—the smooth, well-shaded roads—all come from the profits of the master vice of the human race. With the regular *habitué* of Baden, gambling, to a greater or less amount, is as much a matter of course as eating or drinking. The tables are placed in the Conversation Hall, which is as free to the public as our City Hall Park. Attached to the hall is a grand saloon for dancing, with a fine theatre, where they give French plays in the season. They can afford to pay the best artists, because they immediately lose their salaries at the gambling tables. The play begins at eleven o'clock in the morning, and ends at midnight. The banker puts upon the table every morning a certain sum—I think it is twenty thousand dollars—which can not be removed by the bank until night. The scene around the table, given by the artist in this article, is a picture that can never be forgotten. Old and young, men and women, people of all ranks and conditions, throng the tables. The croupiers and dealers have that hard, stony expression peculiar to their craft; while in the faces of the players one may see the effects of the vice in all its shades. At each turn of the wheel nothing is said, or seen, or heard, save a whisper or a chuckle, as the long rakes of the bank gathers in its harvest of gold and silver; for so much are the odds in favor of the bank, that those who farm it can afford to pay altogether one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars per annum for the privilege of keeping the rooms open. Citizens of Baden are not permitted to play at the tables. It is proper to swindle the outsiders, but not your own people. Put down five francs, and see what becomes of it. Around goes the mystic wheel, out comes the wooden rake, away goes the five francs.

THE GODS MOSTLY WORSHIPED AT BADEN.

The bank goes on steadily winning; the dealer glows with delight as he looks at his victims; the worshipers of the gods of Baden grow more numerous and more feverish as the game proceeds. The *salons* are filled with a great crowd. The ball-room resounds with the notes of the last waltz of Strauss. The gayety of Baden is at its height when there comes a report of a pistol, freezing every one with horror. It is a young Neapolitan, who has dissipated a noble fortune at the gaming-table. He staked his last Napoleon; he lost, and, rushing out into the clear fresh air, with the mid-summer moon shining calmly over the promenade, he deliberately blew out his brains. Every body is shocked for the moment, but in an hour afterward the tables are again thronged, and the ball-room by no means deserted.

THE MAN WHO WON $100,000, AND BROKE THE BANK.

Baden, as I told Brown, is a great rendezvous for the Paris *litterateurs*, who come down there in July and August, spend all their loose cash, and then go home. They are generally inveterate gamblers, and as literary men never have any luck, even by accident, they always lose. Several of them have written capital little books about Baden, and it is the interest of the proprietor of the gambling-tables to keep them there as long as possible. A short time since he gave a *déjeuner* to the most prominent of the crew, and, after dinner, addressed them as follows: "Gentlemen, you came here with small amounts of money—from five hundred to five thousand francs. You can not afford to play against the bank; it is from the persons who play small amounts that we have the profits; they never win. After this warning you may play if you will. If you win, well; if not, I shall be obliged to return to you the amount of your losses."

I am not acquainted with the result, but I presume that they all played and lost as usual. Sometimes the heaviest losers of one season combine against the bankers for the next, and raise a large capital, with which they hope to break the bank. Such combinations have been successful, but failure is the rule. The general course of play at Baden may be expressed as below. And the road to Baden is guarded as in the accompanying picture.

But Brown says he has enough of gambling, and so we will promenade. Here is fine music, all sorts of society, plenty of fun, resplendent *cafés*, myriads of white-aproned waiters, countless sights, elegant equipages, and all the bustle of the gayest European capital. Baden does not cover so much space as Newport or Saratoga; and, as nearly all the people live in the hotels, they are concentrated together upon the promenade or in the Conversation House in the evening, or at the Trink Halle in the morning. Here is the most curious scene of Baden. In the centre of the great hall are fountains, which supply to all applicants the twenty-eight different German medicated waters. In an angle there are still more waters to be had in bottles; while, outside, goats are being milked to supply the morning draught for delicate young ladies suffering from too much ices and a superfluity of polkas over night. The morning bath, walk, and drink in Baden is something which approaches the sublime of intoxication. Some of the Virginia baths are said to be equal to those of Baden; but there is no place where health and pleasure can be sought with so much success as at Baden. Is there, Brown?

One fine morning Brown and I drove up to the top of the height which is crowned by the old castle of the Dukes of Baden. They thought they would make themselves inaccessible; but the French troops having ravaged the plains, the inhabitants of the mountain were starved out, and

THE VETERAN CROUPIER WETTING HIS THUMB, AND STUDYING HIS AUDIENCE.

obliged (like Captain Scott's coon) to come down before they were really attacked. The view was superb, the wine excellent (the old castle is a restaurant), the trout superb, and the cheese quite the cheese. We saw all sorts of places and things through a telescope on the top of the castle, and sighted the Black Forest, which is a humbug alongside of Brown's Tract, in the State of New York. It was a fine morning altogether. Other things we saw, such as the new castle, the stiff old

1. SITS DOWN TO TRY HIS LUCK.
2. LOSES, CONFOUND IT! TRY AGAIN.
3. LOSES AGAIN! ONE MORE VENTURE!
4. LOSES: RASCALLY CARDS! WELL, TRY ONCE MORE.
5. LOST SAPERLOTTE!

Prince of Prussia, no end of Counts and things of that sort; the young gentleman who drives fast horses, writes letters to the papers, and then fights duels fifty feet apart on account of them—and much more that was interesting to see but not to relate.

So now, Brown, we've done Baden; and, if you please, we'll depart to-morrow for Frankfort, Mayence, and the Rhine. Whether we take the readers of *Harper's Weekly* with us or not, depends upon their opinion of us as traveling companions.

## THE EX-POLICEMAN'S STORY.

IT was an old house in Bayard Street. Yes, a mighty old house—wooden, and gable-end to the street. And so dilapidated! Dear me! The crows, who were once supposed to have a mortgage on it, had foreclosed time out of mind; and the rats bought it at sheriff's auction.

It was a blustering, bullying night in November that found me sitting in the front room, second floor, of that old house. Through the keen northeaster, and the every-now-and-then storms of sleet, I had come hither on a lark—one of *my* larks. The variety I indulge in consists in going into all sorts of out-of-the-way places, in all kinds of out-of-sorts weather, without any sort of an umbrella—nothing but an immense top-coat, and no end to Hessian boots. I do this to see life.

The only other occupant of the room was a grizzled, bony man, about fifty years of age, but so worn and stooping that he seemed a good deal older. Altogether, his rigid, utterly unjoyous face, and those lank, talon-like hands of his, left nervous and bare by a pair of very ragged sleeves, made him look like a statue of Troublous Times done in Berlin iron.

This was the man's only room in that house in Bayard Street. But there were other lodgers—there always *are* other lodgers in houses in that street, whose numbers vary from ten to fifty, and they have on the average a dozen very small and dirty boys apiece. Accordingly, when I first came into this room of which I speak, and saw a fire-place there without any fire in it, and thought how mighty cold the old man must be if *I* had to shiver in my top-coat and Hessians, I put my head out into the dark entry and hallooed, "John! Jim! Pat!" secure of a liberal answer from one, at least, of the lodgers' dirty little boys to my invitation.

I was agreeably disappointed in my calculation of the number, by an immediate response from eight, certainly, of a grade from the premature infant up to the hobbledehoy, who rushed out into the several intricate passage-ways, screaming, "What's up?" The promise of a dime, conditioned upon the faithful discharge of his trust, to a selection from the tumult who turned out to be Pat, operated so benignantly upon the mind of that youth, that he consented to go for a peck of coals and a bundle of kindling wood. Just as he was putting on his fragmentary shoes to hie forth, that bully of a wind made, through the outer keyhole, such an excellent sarcastic imitation of a pleasant family teakettle that I felt like defying it by a production of the genuine article, and added to my commission a pound of ham, a loaf of bread, and a shilling's worth of tea. In about ten minutes Pat actually came back with the equivalents for my money, whether from innate honesty or because the bewilderment of possessing such a treasure of cash prevented him from calculating the extent of "the time" he might have had for that amount, is a question for casuists.

Suppose now the fire made, the tea drawn in another lodger's hired kettle, the ham-rasher done to a turn on still another's frying-pan, these eatable and drinkable comforts, together with the bread, vanished before the starved appetite of poor old Troublous Times, and the last of the lodgers who came out to snuff the savor in the entry, and say, "My! *Hain't* old Hallett having a feed?" gone back to the things they called bed—and you arrive at the exact date where I began at first.

Old Hallett—yes, that was his name—knocked the ashes out of an ancient black pipe which had been lying cold on the mantle-piece, filled it from my box, and thus began:

"Well, I'm beat! I'm quite confounded! If any body had come to me this afternoon and said, 'Hallett, a friend's coming—a friend who'll really take an interest like, and want to know all about you, and how you get on—who'll bring along bread and ham and coals and tea, and give you a regular old-fashioned supper,' I'd have said, 'No, you don't! I'm too old a bird to fool that way!' For you're the first man that has spoken a good word to me this ten years.

"And you would like to hear my story, would you? Well, it may be interesting to you; as for its being so to me I can't say much. But here goes.

"I have always been a taker-care of other people's safety. When they had watchmen in New York I was one of them. When they started the police system I went into that corps. Night or day for thirty years I was on duty, through hot and cold, wet and dry, watching and walking, to see that no harm happened to life or property so far as I could help it. I was twenty-two years old when I began, fifty-two when I left off—but very old for that age.

"I got to be forty years old, and I was still a single man. A man who has so little time for his bread and butter you may think, sure enough, has still less for making love. And I always had a queer, old-fashioned idea about getting married—that a fellow must love, and make love, if he wanted to do the thing up all right. I've known plenty of people who looked at those things as a matter of business. They said, 'Now I'm making two dollars a day, and the girl, she's got a little something, so we'll just hitch to and say nothing more about it.' I went to one or two weddings where the thing was done in that way, and hang me if I didn't ask myself all the time the parson was going through the operation, what difference there was between that and the coupling together of any dumb stock for farmin' purposes.

"But don't think that the idee never came into my head. Bless me! fifty times a week. Sometimes when I had to pilot a pretty, frightened young thing over crossings, and she made up a sweet little face and said, 'Thank ye!' on the other side of the way, I'd say to myself, 'Hallett, Hallett, my boy! I wonder whether that's the farthest that any woman will ever go with you in your life, just across the street; when it would be so nice to be going all the way down to the Battery—the jumping-off place of this world—with a soft hand on your arm, like the big uns?' Then, too, when I was on my night patrol, and every now and then one of those poor creeturs who have gone over the dam of honor and goodness to whirl round and round for a few years in the Hell-gate of this city, and then be sucked down out of sight—God knows where—when one of these passed by, all tricked out in gay colors, and laughing a dreadful, empty, devil-laugh, I grew awful downhearted with wondering if God couldn't have saved one of them when she was young and innocent to be the wife of a poor, honest man like Hallett. So many women going to the fiend, and not one for me! I tell ye it was a riddle which almost drove me mad.

"Well, as I said, things went on this way till I was over my fortieth birthday. My old mother, whom I'd been taking care of all along, died, and I was all alone in the world. *My* world—which means the three blocks on Broadway, which made my beat, and the one little room in Grand Street where I did what eating and sleeping I got time for.

"One night in the November of the year I was forty—very much such a night as this, only blowier a trifle, perhaps—I was walking slowly back and forth on patrol, with my hands in my pockets—thinking and wondering as usual. On the other side of the street a man and a woman went by, talking quite loud, and walking at a rate which was almost a run. I didn't quite hear what they said, but their manner was noticeable, and I stood still under an awning to watch them. They reached the corner and stopped. In the bright light of the gas-lamp I saw the woman lift up her hand, entreating like—oh, such a beautiful white hand that trembled and seemed to speak like a tongue!—then the cursed ruffian that was with her hit her a blow with his great fist, and down she went on the sidewalk like a dead thing, without a groan.

"Quick as a flash I sounded the call for help and put after him. But he saw me in time, and the way he legged it was beyond *me.* I soon found that he would get to his crib before any other policeman could come up, and, in the mean time, there was that poor creetur that he'd just felled, devil that he was, lying senseless on the hard, cold pavement, without a soul near her to see whether she was dead or not. So, though my club, so to speak, was thirsty for him as if it had a fever, I hurried back, hot and mad, to the corner. I raised her up in my arms; she was still breathing, slow and heavy, but outside of that gave no more sign of life than the stones she fell on. There was a light in the drug store a block off, so I carried her there as you would a baby, and knocked and called till the sleepy boy got up and let me in. We laid her down on a settee, and poured brandy down her throat and rubbed her hands and feet and held smelling salts to her nose—Lor', we did every thing for the poor creetur—but it seemed as if she never would come to. At last she did though, and when she opened a pair of great, wild, black eyes and asked where she was, and if she'd been dreaming, and such like, I was perfectly beside myself with joy.

"Would to God, Sir, she had never opened her eyes again!"

Old Hallett clutched convulsively at his throat as if he would choke down with those iron fingers of his something terrible which was rising from within, and then went on.

"She was a pretty creetur—oh, *so* pretty! I've seen a great many good-looking women, as is nat'ral, considerin' all the chances I've had in my long life on the street, but I don't think I'm talkin' exaggerated when I say that she was the best-looking one I ever saw. The most wonderful thing about her was her hand. I've told you how white and speaking it looked in the gas-light, where I first saw it; now I couldn't help taking it up and kissing it and nursing it like a little bird against my bosom, making an excuse that it was cold, and saying 'God bless you, child! you can't tell how glad I am you ain't dead, after all.'

"When she got wide awake and nat'ral like once more, so she could talk in a low, feeble voice, she told me she wasn't hurt much—her head only pained her a little—that was all. Should I take her home? I asked her.

"At the speakin' of that word 'home,' she began to take on dreadful. She hadn't such a thing in the world; her mother was dead, and her father—the drunken brute that struck her—hadn't been sober for a month, and was just turned out of a poor old room they had down in Cherry Street, because he wouldn't pay his rent. He struck her because she begged him to go to the Station-house and ask a lodgin'. And now she didn't know where he'd gone to, or what would become of him. He was found three weeks after floating off Pier No. 1.

"As the girl, in her broken, heart-sick voice, was telling me this story, the druggist's boy behind her head put his tongue in his cheek, and pointed to the corner of his eye in a brutish way, which made me clutch my club tightly again, and feel as if I would like to teach him manners. For I believed her—yes, to this time I believe her yet. I had heard a good many pitiful stories in my day; some of them I couldn't swallow; but, I tell ye, they weren't told in that voice, or with that hand explaining them and putting them home.

"Did you ever notice how quick a man will sometimes settle what's been a puzzle to him for years? Every thing he's ever thought regardin' it—all the whys and the wherefores and the hows go flyin' through his head like an express train; then comes something inside of him like a long whistle; and, before he can speak, the train's stopped at a dépôt he never dreamed of, and he goes ashore out of it for his whole life. Well, so it was with me. I've often thought since that the smell of the drugs in that shop must have crazed me, for, quick as a flash, I saw all the lonely nights and days I'd spent in my forty years—all the questions I'd been askin' myself—all the doubts, and the wonderin's, and the twists, and the whirls, run by and haul short up with a roar just at the foot of the settee where I was standin'. For, I said to myself, though this young thing is wretched poor, and her clothes are so thin that they can hardly hold together, I really do believe her heart is a rich, precious thing, and her honor hasn't a rent in it. And though I am forty years old, and she can't have seen half that, she may love me enough to make my lone room shine with a light which I never saw except when I was dreamin'.

"So I said to her, 'You're mistaken; you have got a home.' She looked up at me in a sort of startled, unbelieving way, and stopped crying. But noticin' my badge, and seein' I was on the police, she hid her eyes with that witchin' hand of hers, and answered, 'Yes, yes; take me to the station-house.'

"I caught my breath, and tried to look her steady in the face, and spoke something this way: 'Young woman, my name's Harry Hallett. I ain't rich; I don't live up town in a big house, with picturs and lookin'-glasses in gold frames, and I'm only a policeman. But bein' that's so, I've got a soul and a heart inside of me, and a room in Grand Street outside of me when I'm in-doors; and if either of 'em can do you any good, then you shall never go to the station-house—that's all.'

"The druggist's boy began a indulgin' of himself in some motions and faces which didn't exactly suit my present feelin's, so I gave him a shove which enabled him to sit down without intendin' it; and lifted the girl, almost before she knew it, from the settee and out into the street. The cold air a kind o' revived of her, and as she said she felt quite strong enough to walk I let her do it, and took her gently along, a leanin' on my arm, around to my place in Grand Street. There I tucked her up all snug and warm in my own bed, and went off to attend to my beat till morning.

"Wasn't I a proud, glad man! I didn't mind the cold; I wasn't lonely any more; for my own thoughts, which before that had been more bother to me than all the burglars I ever looked out for, turned all at once into mighty pleasant company, and seemed to patrol up and down with me, shaking my hands like, and saying, 'Wish you joy! wish you joy, Harry Hallett!' My! but it was be-cu-ti-ful!

"I don't want to tire you, Sir, by stretchin' out. So I'll just tell you, as you must have guessed a long way back, that, by-and-by, we were married. We were not a young couple—that is, only one of us—but we had a wedding, such as any newspaper would have called romantic. For the first time since I entered the service I got leave to be off beat for a day, and we had the operation done in church, and my Mary—that was her name—had pretty little rosebuds stuck about in her hair, till she looked like a real walkin' window from Reid's greenhouse. But, O Lord! I mustn't think of that, or I sha'n't keep up till I get through.

"Bein' married, of course I felt like increasin' my 'stablishment. So Mary and I took one more room in the Grand Street buildin', and began keepin' house in a small, quiet sort of way. I had been known in the Department for a good while, and, as I had always tried to do my duty, was thought pretty well of. So when I applied to be put on the day service altogether, I didn't find much difficulty in getting what I asked. That gave us all the pleasant long evenings together, and when I got home after dark, and heard a sweet woman's voice up at the top of the stairs, in place of the dumbness and dark I used to climb up into, all tired from my beat, I tell you every step seemed like getting higher and higher into a little heaven. And then, when I felt *her* arms round my neck, and her kiss on my mouth, and that wonderful little white hand of hers—that all our housekeeping could not soil or cramp—led me in where the bright tea-kettle was a singin', and the two cups sat waitin' by the toast on the white cloth, and the candle was lighted, and every thing all brushed up and tidy, smiling 'How-d'ye-do, Harry Hallett?' right into my face—"Oh! I mustn't think of that neither.

"Well, time went on, and we'd been married about a year. We began to know that, before long, by God's will, there would be three of us to love one another in that dear old place. And at last the hour came. Of a soft spring night a little boy was born to us. But he was born dead. Thank God!—born dead."

Again old Troublous Times, as if realizing how deep must be his wretchedness when he could fervently render so dreadful a thanksgiving, caught at his throat and choked his heart down.

"The mother was sorely tried by this trouble. So was I; but most of all because I feared she would never get up again. But she did rise, after much pain and weakness, and was about again the same as before.

"We lived very much alone. I never had time to make any very large number of friends. I didn't know as how I wanted to—for friends in our walk—policeman's friends, that is—are, a precious sight too often, these smooth-faced fellows who would get you off your beat to drink with 'em, and then report you to head-quarters to get your place. So I was civil to every body, and intimate with hardly a soul. Mary was enough for me—the thought of her was good company to me all the daytime, and at night the sight of her, and the havin' her close by, was a whole houseful of friends a drinkin' my health out of prize-pitchers and singin' glees. I never thought of wantin' any body else.

"It's come acrost me, pretty hard too, a great many times since then, that I didn't do altogether right in this. She was a young thing, all fresh and rosy, and fond of society, while I was, in a manner, an old man. Old enough to have been her father, and beginnin' to grow pepper-and-salty all about the temples, though I wasn't the lookin' man I am now, not by no means. And it wasn't in the natur' of things that she could sit by herself all day, sewin' or thinkin', and make up such pretty picturs of *me* to keep her from being lonely, as I did of *her* every minute I was away. I ought to have made friends for her—and then I should have been sure that she wasn't in danger of no 'sociations that might be bad. For most folks will have some company—'specially women.

"We had been married for a matter of three years when I began to observe, on comin' home o' nights, that Mary was less lively, and seemed to be thinkin' deeply, and would look 'round with a start, wakin' up like, when I spoke to her. It weighed on me considerable to see her so—and accordingly, one night says I, 'Mary, my love, I'm afeard you're sick, ain't you?' 'Oh no, there was nothing the matter—perhaps it was the weather—that must be all.' So I took heart, and was glad, whenever a sunshiny day came, and said to myself as I walked up and down the beat, 'good weather for Mary, the little un's a singin' now.'

"By-and-by there came times when, I must say, I *was* a kinder startled. Once or twice I came up stairs in the dark, and some one—a tall fellow it seemed to be, all wrapped up in a cloak and muffler brushed by me in a hurry, and shot out of the street door. And now and then I noticed, when Mary opened her drawer, that there were dead leaves and strings of ribbon that looked like as if there'd been a nosegay there, which had been kept till it fell to pieces. And one time I came on a little bottle of Cologne, which I had never seen before, in the closet, where I was hunting for a bit of old linen to tie up a little scratch I got makin' an arrest. So, says I, 'Mary, a present, my dear?' in a pleasant sort of way, not thinkin' any wrong, but supposin' some of the other lodgers had given it to her, for there was a woman in the house whose husband was in soaps and scents on the Bowery. But Mary said no, she had bought it herself—it was so nice for our handkerchiefs on Sundays.

"At last there came a night—O Lord, it seems as if I hadn't heart to go on! Well, never mind, it's done now—done years ago—and keeping still can't help it. How would you feel, supposin' you'd been married just three years and a half to the only woman you ever loved or could love in all the wide world—and supposin', walkin' or dreamin', you'd never, in all that time, lost sight of her, or stopped sayin' God bless her! and you came back, half sick, from the street, along tow'rds dark, one September evening, and caught her sitting on another man's lap, with her arms round his neck, their lips a kissin', and sayin' to each other all those words you'd ever said to her when you were lovin'est? How would *you* have felt, I say?"

At the sight of that picture, drawn out of the

dust of his memory's poor disordered lumber-room, for the first time perhaps in years, to be wiped and paraded in its fearful freshness, the drops stood out on the Berlin iron front of old Troublous Times, as they stand beading an ice-urn on some burning summer's day. With his ragged sleeve he wiped them away.

"Well, what d'ye think of that? It was a nightmare!—an awful scare that froze the blood and kept the feet locked so they couldn't stir. I never said nothin'. I didn't move a step from the sill of the door, but just stood still—with a big weight on my head and a crazy sort o' burning about the eyes. I've heerd tell of men that have come home and found such like, and, before the wicked one could turn about, have driven a knife into his heart and killed the wretched creetur he'd been a leadin' to damnation with him. I can't see how they did it. *I* couldn't even draw breath to groan, as I've told ye.

"Before that maze like went off o' me the man had jumped up. He made a rush at me with all his force—he knocked me down, and was down stairs and out of the door in a flash. And I was left alone with the woman—her as was my Mary—never, O God! to be mine again.

"The blow had stunned me a little at first—so that, for a minute, I was more mazed than I had been before. But, shortly, when I had got strength to lift myself up, I felt wide awake as ever, and seemed quite brought to. And I understood, sensibly, why it was that *she* crouched, dumb and trembling, in the corner, with her hands over her face, as if they were hidin' my eyes. I knew it was because she had made me a man that the world and the devils laugh at; but, if it wasn't the craze made me think so, I heard the good souls in heaven cryin' for me then. I knew it was because all hope for this world was gone for both on us.

"But if she thought I would bluster or take on she was mistaken. I went up to her very slow and calm—I drew her hand from her face, and said, 'Look at me! Don't be afeard of me —I hain't gone mad—leastways not yet—and you're safe—quite safe—so far as raisin' of hand o' mine can hurt ye. Four years ago this fall I found ye for dead. Ye might have never opened your eyes again on this world but for me. I wish to God ye never had—for your sake, mind ye—not for mine; for then ye'd have been with the angels. I took ye to my breast like a baby—I warmed ye, I nourished ye, I comforted ye—don't speak—hear me out —ye owe me nothing for that—no, not even your love, if ye couldn't give it. I was an old man, you was a girl; and it was my fault for not tellin' ye that bein' thankful to a man wasn't reason enough for bein' his wife, if that was all. But I was blind—blind with the lightnin'-stroke of you that came flashin' down on me through the darkness of a great, long, black night of life. And if I was to blame for not seein', I'm gettin' punished now—punished—punished! Let me take it all on my own head—don't be afeard, I say—I'll never try to make you share it.

"'And now, look ye. These past years since I took ye in ye've been my pearl o' great price. I'd have sold all I had to get ye; if ye'd dropped into the deepest sea, I'd have gone to the bottom to bring ye up or stay with ye. If ye'd fallen from the top of Trinity, down yonder, I'd have jumped after ye. If I'd lost ye in the crowd, I'd have gone barehead, barefoot, through sun and rain, till I found ye, over the world. Sunshine never darkened ye to me; in the night ye shone like a glory on me. Flames, waters, death, couldn't have held me back from goin' where you'd gone.

"'O God! to think to-day you've gone where I can't follow ye! I reach your hand—I touch ye—but I can't get to you—I can't bring ye back. There's been an awful earthquake in all that great love I thought you were a lovin' me with. Just as I come in that door I felt it heave, and now there's a gulf between us.

"'Stay in this room, it shall be yours always. I sha'n't unshelter the only head that ever laid on my breast. Half of what I have now, half of what I make, is yours. I'll see that you're taken care of well, kindly. But I never shall come back again.

"'And as to *him*—him as robbed me—him as damned me—him as put out my light—him as dragged you out of the heaven where you were my God, I go to hunt him, yes, through hell!'"

The haggard, bronzed old man grew out of himself in these awful words. No longer bent, no longer cowed and sullen, but upright, terrible-eyed, and menacing, with his clenched, iron hand, so that he seemed sublime as an avenging angel. And I could read what his soul had been in the strange, mixed wrath and pity of that recited hour, from the present indelible stamp, cleared of all rust in the fire of maddening memory. The climax of his speech was uttered in a wild shriek that pierced me.

Then he sank back again. A great shudder came over him, and his voice once more grew low and broken.

"I went away. I wandered all about the streets, not much knowin' or carin' where. When I met people I knew, and they said, 'How d'ye do, Hallett?' I said I was very well. And I thought I was, for I didn't exactly understand as yet how it was I hadn't been dreamin', and it was real after all.

"I said I wouldn't go back any more to the room. Somehow or other I did, notwithstanding. I had kind of an idee, perhaps, that I might find *her* there, a wonderin' where I'd been, and frightened because I hadn't come. I pulled myself up stairs, a leanin' hard on the balusters. I went to the door—it was all still and dark as a grave-yard. I opened it—there was nobody in there. *She* was gone—gone—forever!

"Something came over me—a stroke or fit like—and I fell down just inside the sill. I seemed to know how it was, again, and that felled me.

"I wish I'd shut the door before I dropped—My God! I do. I wish they'd ha' let me lie there, not a knowin' o' any thing, to die quiet and forget and be forgotten. Nothin' would have been heard o' me till the man came round for rent the next Monday, and then I'd have been out of trouble. But," said poor old Hallett, in a voice of childish peevishness, "folks never can let ye alone—never. I got a little rest, howsomever, for I didn't know nothin', more'n a stone, for six weeks. Then I woke up at the hospital. The first thing I see was a white wall on one side of me, then I turned over, and there was another white wall on the other. Then I looked down to my feet and there was a man standin' there all in black, with spectacles; and says he, 'Well, my man, we're better to day, ain't we?' Just then I thought of where I was last, and another of those lightnin' trains I told ye on went through my head loaded with what had happened to me. And as the black-coat said the word 'better,' I thought he meant it to laugh at me; and says I to myself that's a devil, and I'm in the bad place.

"Did *you* ever wake up, the first time after somethin' awful had happened, and feel it come on, all fresh and dazzlin' bright, just like that white light that used to be over the Museum? D'ye wonder I thought I was in hell then?

"It's an awful tedious story to tell—how I lay in the sick ward day after day, a callin' on God to let me die and not bein' able to—a wantin' to help myself off and for very sickness of heart bein' too cowardly—too weak to move hand or foot, and yet so strong inside o' times that it seemed as if my soul would shake my body to pieces, just as you've seen some big engine rattle down an old frame-house that the fool of an engineer put it into. I'll just cut short, and say that I got well so I could go around.

"For a little while after I was on my legs again I didn't know what I *should* do. I'd been a callin' 'Mary!' and sayin' wild things all the time I was crazy in the hospital; and that all got out, together with the fact that *she* wasn't nowhere to be found; and if there wasn't foul play suspected, leastways it was thought at head-quarters that I must have lost my idees altogether, so I found it pretty hard, yes, impossible, to get back on the old beat. As I wasn't brought up to no trade, except police, you can guess that my time hung pretty heavy, and my pocket got pretty light. All this time I had nothin' to think of but the hell I was in, and, fifty times worse, the one where *she* was.

"I had got a sort of little hole, that was cheap and kinder secluded like, where I could keep my traps (what there was) and stay by till somethin' turned up to drag out my cussed life by. It was way down Anthony Street—what they call Worth now; why, I never was able to find out, for it ain't worth nary red, except what the wretched cullies I used to haul up there could make out of the small dry-goods-shop-liftin' business and panel operations; but it was good enough for me, not bein' choice about my company when I carried round inside of me day and night a devil worse than the worst of 'em. And by-and-by there came a day to me there, when I had just one V left and one month's rent to pay. Says I, 'Hallett, off the dock's the next thing—but who cares?'

"As I sat on my trunk that mornin', a sorter spekelatin' that way to myself, a man I know'd when I was flush, but who I hadn't no more expectations o' seein', now I was cleaned, than I had—well, say of seein' you to-night—come along, and says he, 'Hallett, what d'ye think of the detective business?'

"'Good enough for them that likes it,' says I, glum enough, suspicioning he didn't know my fix, and wanted my influence to get him on to the force.

"'All right, my ole feller,' says he; 'but how would you like it by way of variety, supposin' it was yourself that took it up for a livin'?'

"'Make yourself clear,' says I, a openin' my eyes a little.

"'Well,' replied the young man, 'the long and the short of it is this. They've come to the conclusion at the Department that there ain't quite enough system about the way they're on now for a nabbin' of rascals, and they've concluded to agonize a special force for that intention—'

"'Organize,' says I; for ye see I wanted to help him on a bit, bein' he hadn't much book larnin'.

"'Well,' says he, 'I don't care what you call it. Your name was up before the big 'uns, and, considerin' the fact that you were one of the oldest fellows on the books, and counted knowin', and had done some sharp things, by way of haulin' up marauders durin' your mortal existence, they sent me to hunt you up, and ask if you'd like to be put on the list.'

"'Count me in,' says I, and jumped up, sharp and brisk, as if five minutes before I hadn't been a thinkin' of puttin' an end to myself. It is strange how a man who would give all he's got to be let die, will hold on, tooth and nail, to a chance of livin', ain't it?

"I was on the Detective force for a good while. I was in some pretty ticklish business, and came off well—with banners flyin'. You may have heerd tell of the way Short-foot Jackson was ketched, and the Jolly Millers was broken up at their fence down Mott Street? Well, I was in that, and there *were* folks that said it couldn't very well have been done without me.

"But all this wasn't what I was after. The first reason—perhaps after the fear of starving like a dog—for my takin' the place was the chance it gave me of some day or other huntin' down the cursed fiend that had dragged *her* out of sight of heaven, and made me homeless and reckless forever. So I worked on, never mindin' tire or worry more'n a straw, if so be as how by-and-by I might come on to his track and be quits with him.

"One morning, when there wasn't much business on hand, and I was sitting in my chair up at quarters, a lookin' over the *Herald* to keep from thinkin' of myself, there came into the room an old gentleman, about sixty, I should say, in a high state of flustration, who said his house had been robbed the night before, and that was the second time in three months. He was so mighty scared that we couldn't get much idee how it was done from any thing he said, nor who done it, nor where it was done. But says our Captain, 'Hallett,' says he, 'suppose you go along with the gentleman and see what we can do for him. Mr. Updyke'—that was the old man's name—'this is one of our most tried and capable officers, and if any body can attend to the business for you, he can.'

"So we just sailed along together, and taking a stage, went into the up-town part of the city. It was a house in Twenty-third Street that had been broken into, not far from the Eighth Avenue. Coming into the house I couldn't find a shutter off the hinge, or a door with the lock broke. There wasn't a hole bored through any where, nor a panel out, nor a window forced. Every thing was just as it had been when the family went to bed the night before, savin' the little particular of the tea-spoons, a silver waiter, and maybe a French clock or so.

"I own that at first I *was* a trifle bothered. But at length I asked to be shown into the garret. It *was* a garret—none of your sealed attics, all partitioned off with lath and plaster, but a real old-fashioned place, as big as the whole top of the house—with the beams showin' all brown and bare above, and full of queer hidin' places, among cradles and broken chairs, and bandboxes and chests, and crockery. I mounted the ladder up to the scuttle, and began examinin' the trap-door. I looked at it pretty thorough for about a minute, and then says I to the old gentleman who was standing by in a state of great excitement, 'How long is it since any of your family were through this here?' 'Not for months—not for months,' says the old gentleman, 'never think of such a thing—how should they?'

"'Then, Mr. Updyke,' says I, 'It's my opinion that this is as how you've been broken into.' 'Lor!' says he, 'dy'e think so?' 'Most sartainly,' says I, 'for look a here.' Then I showed him what had proved the fact to me. In the first place, the hooks that held down the door were both unfastened. Besides that, the old black marks of mildew all along the lines where the door had laid through months of wet and dry on the combings of the scuttle didn't now square with the combings by no means, but were quite out of line. And up the stairs there was a print in the dust that laid thick on every step, of a small shoe—that, accordin' to all natur', must have belonged to the little foot of a woman, and *quite* a little foot at that.

"Says I, 'Have the kindness to call your domestics together, and give me a chance to look at their shoes, for if any of 'em can make such a mark as that, we've got a clew that there can't be any mistakin'.'

"The old gentleman did as I asked—and, by threatenin' and coaxin', got the cook and the chambermaid, and the lady's maid, and the little girl that ran errands, to parade, one arter the other, before me. Bless you! the littlest of them hadn't no such foot as that—so small and lady like. So we sent 'em all down again, very much huffed and vowin' they wouldn't stay another day.

"I stood and thought for a second—then says I, 'Hain't nobody else been here lately; no other woman, that might have come up here and let in her pal, and then gone away with him, on the roof?'

"The old gentleman thought for a while, too—and then says he, 'Mrs. Updyke has had a seamstress in the house—a very nice, pretty, respectable young woman; but she can't have had nothing to do with it—dear, no! we are all very much taken with her, she's so modest and pious, and we'd trust her with any thing we've got. Likewise, she always leaves at seven o'clock in the evenin'.'

"'Who saw her out of the front door last night?' Well, *he* didn't. No more did Mrs. Updyke. And comin' to find out, nobody hadn't. She went out by herself, very quiet, and they heard the front door shut after her, from the basement where they were takin' dinner—that was all.

"'Was any body in the up stairs part of the house, jest at that time?' No—nobody, as far as they knowed. Very well—as the lawyers say, I made up my theory of the case directly. This young woman had watched her chance, and when all the folks were down stairs had made believe go out—slammed the door to give 'em that idee—and then slipped up into the garret to lay hid among the rubbish till the house was asleep. Arter which matters wasn't difficult.

"Says I, 'Will you have the kindness to tell me where that young woman lives?'

"'O Lord!' says the old gentleman, 'you ain't a goin' for to arrest her? I wouldn't have you do it for the world! I should never forgive myself if that innocent young creetur were brought into any suspicion.'

"'Dear me, Sir,' says I, laughin' like, 'ain't goin' to hurt a hair of her head.' Just a way o' mine, you know, to a sorter put him off.

"'Well, then,' says the gentleman, 'if you want to prove her innocence or any thing of that sort, she always tells my wife to send for her to number so and so, such a street.' It was a place in one of the numbered streets in Chelsea, a little way above Fourteenth, and down by the North River. Then I left the house and went back to head-quarters. I got myself up as much like an old gentleman of the first class o' family as was possible. I put on a wig of snow-white hair—a pair of gold spectacles—black kids—old-fashioned coat, vest, and pants, and a big frill with a Californy di'mond breastpin in it. And as I looked old enough, God knows, I didn't do nothin' to my face, but left the lines about the mouth and eyes to speak for themselves. Arter all, I don't think my best friend—supposin' I'd had such an article—would ha' knowed me. Then I took a yaller stage and went up to the Ninth Avenue.

"I hadn't no trouble in the least to find the house. It was a low, two-story brick buildin', with a very neat wooden front stoop, and lookin' altogether as if it desarved a better neighborhood. The curtains was drawn down close at the first story front windows, and there wasn't a sound inside, more'n if all the folks was dead. I had to knock about a dozen times before I could rout any body out.

"By-and-by there came to the door, and opened it about half-way, a woman who might have been fifty years old and up'rds—dressed very motherly, in a scant bombazine gown, with a white handkerchief round her neck, and a big lace cap on—but lookin', in the face, a kind o' sideways, and hard and cruel. 'Well, Sir?' says she, in a low, determined sort o' tone.

"I made my voice broken and feeble like, and said, 'I've come, ma'am, to find a seamstress that's been recommended to me by an old friend of mine—does she live here? Her name is—I think—' here I took out a piece of paper and made b'lieve assist my memory—'Oh, yes! Ellen Williams—yes—yes, that the name; does she live here?'

"The woman eyed me pretty sharp for a minute, and then, says she, cold and firm as before, 'No, she don't live here—she used to—but she's left. I don't know exactly where she is now, but if you'll leave your number, I'll try to find her for you and send her round. Perhaps I can.'

"I wrote some number or other, just to appear nat'ral like, of some street that never was heerd of in the directory, and gave it to the woman, who then, without another word, slammed the door to in my face. I made up my mind to keep a watch on that house. I was goin' off, leanin' on my cane like a respectable old gentleman, when I happened to look down a little closer at the steps, and what d'ye think caught my eye? As sure as I live, there was the marks of the very same feet I'd seen on the ladder, turned in the direction toward the door! My spectacles had bothered me before, not bein' used to 'em. Now I looked under 'em and saw the marks plain. I could ha' held up my hand and sworn they was the same in any court whatsomer. And they had hardly yet dried on. So my mind was made up a little stronger yet, to keep a sharp look-out on that house.

"The next thing to do was to cast about for a place to hide in, where a fellow could see without bein' seen. Fort'nately the lot opposite wasn't yet built on, and there was a high board fence in front of it, and a pile of lumber agin' the hinder side. So says I, 'That's my ticket —the very thing to a T.'

"Down I goes to head-quarters again, gives the wink to a darin' young fellow, who was stout as a lion and had been with me in some pretty hard arrests already, puts on my ordinary citizen's dress, and goes back with my comrade to Chelsea. After some little trouble we found out the owner of the vacant lot, and introducin' ourselves, and tellin' him we had to keep a look-out for some 'un as might do him as much harm as had been done to our client, we prevailed on him to let us spend the day between his lumber and his fence, in a little hole, about large enough

—s'posin' it was an oven—to bake two loaves of bread in. The lot was, as good luck made it, the length of the whole block—so we let ourselves in by the other street, not darin' to awake suspicions, of course, by enterin' opposite the house which was to be watched.

"Well, there we stayed—Bill Humphreys and I—cooped up, and mighty uncomfortable, and seein' nothin' all day but dirty children and pigs, and now and then a fellow goin' by mad with the drink they sell on all the corners in that part of Chelsea. We looked through the cracks in the fence by turns, watch and watch, all day long, and the curtains was never raised, nor a blind turned, nor the door opened. About eight o'clock in the evenin' Humphreys began to get grumpy, and gave it as his opinion that we'd been sold. 'What the devil's the use,' says he, 'of lyin' here in this coop any longer? Let's either go over and search, or clear out and call it a bad job.'

"'Lie low,' says I, 'an hour longer, and then, if somethin' don't turn up, I'll talk to you about doin' one of those are.'

"It was just about an hour when somethin' did turn up. The door opposite opened about six inches, and the face of the woman I see in the mornin' looked out quick and sharp, up and down the street, as if she were discoverin' whether the coast was clear. Then she drew it in again, and I thought I heard her say, 'All right!'

"About a minute more and the door opened wider. A man came out, with a big tarpaulin slouched over his eyes, a shawl on, and over that a top-coat—oh! twice as roomy as yours. He had a basket on his arm, and when he had reached the gas-lamp that was in front of the next house, like a fool he lifted up the cover, jest a leetle, to see if he'd got every thing all correct, I suppose. I tell ye I looked with all my eyes! What d'ye think I see? Why, there was the very ornaments, in bronze and gilt, that was in the old gentleman's description of his French clock.

"'Quick as lightnin', Bill!' whispers I. 'See if your caps is all right, though God grant we mayn't want 'em. Quiet now! But over the fence like a shot!'

"Faster a good deal than I've told ye, Bill Humphreys and I took that fence at opposite corners. One of us struck the street a little way behind, the other just in front of him. I was the one in front. I was up with him just as he turned to leg it. I grabbed him by the collar, and drew his hand over my holdin' arm, pressin' the fingers down, this way."—(Here old Hallett indoctrinated me into this famous mode of arrest, known among prigs and their captors as "Letter X.")—"So," he resumed, "so that he couldn't budge an inch. Bill came runnin' up, but I told him I had no more than I could manage, and he must attend to the house. He started back, and just then the fellow I had pinned gave a long, loud whistle. Holdin' him by the hand couldn't help *that*.

"Bill just reached the stoop, and with his heavy shoulder had made the first plunge to break the door in, when a light at one of the upper windows answered the whistle, and I saw a small white hand, with a revolver in it, stuck through the blinds, and aim right at my head. There was no time to think, so I whirled the man round and ducked behind him, so that, struggle as he might, he covered every thing but my legs. Just soon enough for me, for the hand that pulled that trigger was steadied by the devil; first a bang, then a yell from the villain I had hold of, and the blood began pourin' out in a little stream from jest under his shoulder. He staggered back, droppin' the basket and pullin' me after him; then he hissed like a snake, 'D—n you!' in my face, and there was no further use of hands for holdin' of him in this world. He'd gone where justice is a sight quicker. I let him lie, snatched up the basket, and hurried back to help Bill.

"He wanted it, sartain. Two desp'rate women is a match for half a dozen men. It seems as if you couldn't strike one of 'em, a rememberin' of your mother and sister, till you hadn't nothin' else left to do for life. Comin' up into the room where the pistol'd been fired, I saw Bill, with his face all one mass of blood, bendin' over one woman, a tryin' to bring her mad, fightin' hands together to put the irons on. She had pulled down his head by the hair so it covered her face all up; and behind him stood the hag I'd seen in the mornin', just a goin' to bring a big chair-rung down back of his ear. I grappled her as I would a tiger, for the hell's cruelty of her face made me almost forget she wasn't a man. About two minutes more and she was roped down on the bed with the bracelets 'round her wrists—not hurt at all, but ravin' mad.

"By this time, too, Bill Humphreys had succeeded in getting his hair loose and fastening the woman he had taken. He lifted his scored and bloody face from the wretched creetur who was prostrate under him, and what d'ye think I see? *What d'ye think I see?*

"Oh, my God! *It was my wife!* Her as had been Mary Hallett. All foamin' with rage, her face beautiful as ever, bedeviled into somethin' awful. And I had to look right into her eyes, and she into mine!

"She stopped gnashin' her teeth; the blood all ran down out of her face, till it was white as snow; she gave one terrible shriek— Hark! I heerd it then!" and old Hallett crouched, trembling as in an ague fit. "No, no," said I, stroking his forehead with my fingers, "it was only the wind through the keyhole—that's all. Don't be afraid, I will stay by you; and God knows I feel for you, to the very bottom of my heart."

"No, it wasn't the wind. I've heerd it before, alone here in the dark—often, often. It's over now. Never mind.

"Then she shut her eyes, and Bill Humphreys says, 'She's gone! Good for her—the she-devil.'

"As I saw her a lyin' there for dead—her as had once been my soul, my very bein'—I forgot every thing, clear back to the night when I lifted her up from the stones of Broadway, still and pale as she was now, and carried her on my heart like a baby, to make the only three years of sunlight I ever saw around my bed. I seemed to be back there again. I lifted her wild head, with the hair all a-flowin' loose, into my lap and patted it, and called Bill Humphreys to bring me a glass of water.

"He looked at me with his bloody face, and says he, 'Hallet, are you gone stark mad? What are ye doin' with that hell's nussling there? Let her die! Look at my face, will ye, and then ask *me* to get water! Are ye mad, I say?'

"I did look at him, and says I, 'I believe I am; if I ain't I ought to be. I wish I was.' Then I put my coat under *her* head and left her a-lyin' there, cold and quiet. I took Bill Humphreys by the hand, and drew him just outside of the door, out of sight of the hag who lay ironed on the bed. He followed me, scared like, believin' me really out of my head.

"'Humphreys,' says I, 'did you ever hear tell on my trouble, *the* trouble?' 'I have that,' says he. 'Very well, that's *her*—*her!*' 'Good God! d'ye tell me so?' says Humphreys.

"'And now, Humphreys,' I kept on to him, 'I've allers been a good friend t'ye. When ye was hard up, I lent ye and never asked it till ye was ready. I watched with ye when ye had the Typhus. The time we broke up that fence down to the Jolly Millers, I knocked up the knife Pete Dalgetty was going to stick you with and took the slash on my own arm. And tonight that hag would ha' done your job with the chair-rung if it hadn't been for me.'

"'All right; so ye did, and thank ye for all, a thousand times,' said Bill, impatient like, wanting me to get through.

"'Well,' says I, 'I've saved a little somethin' —two hundred an' ninety dollars and thirty cents—it's in the Rose Hill Savin's Bank. That's yours. I've got a gold watch that hangs over my bunk; that's yours too, and welcome. When I go, you'll get my place on the force. You said you liked my revolver better'n yours. Take it—keep it. Only, Bill Humphreys, save *her!* Say as how *I* shot the man. Don't peach on *her!* Bill! d'ye answer me?'

"I stood and looked at him in an agony. I thought I saw a tear droppin' down among the bloody spots on his face, and took heart. But the next minute he pushed my arm away, and says he,

"'Hallett, I pity ye, but I can't help ye—not if ye was my brother—justice must go agin feelin's. Bring along *that* woman,' pintin' to the old hag on the bed, 'if it's contrary to your grain to carry the other to the station, and I'll take her—but go she must.'

"He tried to get past me to do as he said, but I wouldn't hear on't. 'No,' says I, 'I'll take *her* myself—you might handle her rough to make up for that face of yours. I'll go with her any where, short of hell.'

"So I took her up, careful and gentle, like old times, and carried her out to the street. By this time the old woman had got sobered down, and seein' she had to go, let Bill take her along sullen like but without much draggin'. We found a crowd around the dead man, and several police were there tryin' to make way and carry him off.

"The M. P.'s knew us, and asked no questions except if we'd been successful in makin' the arrest. We said "Yes;" and they followed us, keepin' back the crowd, and bringin' the dead man and the basket of stolen property.

"*She* was cold and still as ever when I laid her down on a bed in the station-house. I just left her for a minute and went to the board where the man as was shot was stretched out I lifted up the shawl as was gathered round his head, and saw plain, for the first time, that it *was* him that damned *her!* And—perhaps it *is* devilish, but I can't help it—I felt like leapin' and singin' with a sort of crazy joy, to think whose hand he'd died by—to think how sweet a revenge is that wasn't meant to be!

"So they were locked up. The old hag and *she*, now come to at last, but all mute and mad like, staring wildly and answerin' no questions.

"It was several months afore they came to trial. I found out every day how matters was a goin' on, and at last I heerd that the Grand Jury had brought in two bills agin *her*, one for bein' second principal in a burglary, another for shootin' her accomplice, while she was watchin' to protect his unlawful act. And the lawyers told me that last was murder. She might swing for it, at any rate it would go awful hard with her.

"My God, Sir! could I stand by and see that? Could I hear the bell toll, and see the sheriff goin' with his posse, and see the papers tell in great black letters that *she* had died that awful, strugglin' death? *She*, the woman that once laid on my bosom, turnin' the face that I once kissed, beside myself with joy, to an awful stony wall, and a pitiless stony mob—and man that couldn't have no mercy, and God that wouldn't interfere—and then shuttin' its scared eyes in horror on this world, to meet the next without repentin'? I'd ha' taken her place sooner a hundred times. Dare to? Listen, and see if I dared!

"Bill Humphreys, though he had to be cruel didn't have to be talkative, and he wasn't. He never let on to a soul that *she* was my wife. So, while the warden of the prison where she laid knowed me very well as Old Hallett, the smart 'un, the detective, he hadn't the fust idee what else I was—Hallett, the husband of the murderess. So, one night, as it was gettin' tow'rds bedtime, and he was thinkin' about goin' his usual round to see every thing safe and snug, a queer old figger of a woman, the loosest on the pins, the stoopin'est, the most tottlish ye ever did see, came hobblin' up to him as he sat in his business room by the grate. D'ye think he was surprised when the figger threw back her hood and he saw Harry Hallett? Not he! He gave a knowin' chuckle, slapped me on the back, and says he, 'Good for *you*, old boy! At it again, hey? Well, what's up now? What indiwidooal, with an unfortunate tendency to gettin' into other folks's on a visit without ringin', are we goin' to sarcumvent with that 'are this evenin'?'

"Says I, 'Have you got a lodger in here called Ellen Williams, the same that I took the night Bill Humphreys and I broke up that fence over to Chelsea?'

"'Sartain we have,' says the warden; 'her trial don't come on till next week.'

"'I want to see her,' says I; 'there's another transaction she knows a good deal about, and I've been a gettin' myself up so that she'll think I'm the aunt of the man as was shot and tell me all about it. Just hark and see if I couldn't fool any body.' Then I mocked the voice of a very old woman, wheezin' and mumblin' my words, and talkin' thin and sharp, till the warden rolled in his chair with laughin'.

"At last says he, 'It's pretty late, to be sure, but then, bein' it's on important service, I'll give you fifteen minutes, if ye can get through by that time, and if ye *must* do it to-night.'

"'Yes, I must,' says I, 'and it won't take longer than that. And now I know you're anxious to be off on your round; so don't wait for me, but just set one of your boys by her cell door till I get through, and tell him that the sign I'll give to show it's me will be sayin' in a squeaky voice, "Only your old aunt, my dear."' And I came the old woman again till he shook his sides.

"So he took me to the cell, unlocked the door, and said, 'A visitor for you, Ellen.' I went in, he turned the key behind me, and I heard his boy come to wait at the door.

"It was dark as pitch inside, but a rustlin' in the corner of the room, and a faint sickenin' voice, that said, 'Well, who is it?' told me how to steer. I had made up my mind that if the first thing I did was to make myself known, she would scream, and the game would be up right off.

"So in a feigned voice I said, very quiet, 'I've come to save you from this place; don't make a sound, and in five minutes you will be free.'

"Even as it was she was going to give a little shriek, but I put my hand on her mouth and said, 'Hush! don't you dare to breathe, or you'll hang us both! Put on this gown of mine over your night-dress, stick your feet in these boots. There, now tie on this false beard, knot the string on top of your head, put this hood on and draw it close round your face. Now the spectacles.'

"Not much longer than I've been tellin' ye did it take to finish the disguise. All the time she trembled like a leaf, gradually becomin' sartain who it was as was doin' this for her.

"'Now,' says I, 'I believe ye *look* enough as I did when I came in here to get out, passin' for me, bein' as there's a boy waitin' with the key, who don't know my height as well as the warden. But ye must walk like me too. I hobbled in, you must hobble out. And ye must talk like me. The pass-word is, "Only your old aunt, my dear." See if ye can say it as I do.'

"I drilled her on that until she could do it just as well as I did. Then says I, 'Now ye know who I am. But hush! don't dare to thank me, I don't feel like being thanked. Neither like havin' any body afeared for my sake. I'll be found out to-morrow morning, but they'll all say as how I'm mad; so I am, stark mad, and that kind of folks are safe.' She just got time to say two words, '*Forgive me!*' Says I, 'Don't speak that word, the part of your life I'd have to forgive I must have forgotten, or I wouldn't have been here to-night. I only remember her as I took home from the cold stones of Broadway, it's her I'm a savin'. Pray to God for what ye are *now!* And don't go back to hell, Mary!' After that word I didn't dare to trust myself further but pushed her from me, and said, 'Go! careful, now! for your life.' After which I covered myself up in the bed where she'd been lyin'.

"Every second seemed more'n a year. She hobbled across the floor, makin' the nateral sort of noise with her cane. She knocked at the door. I heard the bolt slide. I jest dared uncover my head enough to see her open the hood till the beard showed, and hear her say, rather tremblin', but yet very well indeed, 'Only yer old aunt, my dear.' Then the bolt slid back again, and I began to breathe. If she didn't meet the warden and get stopped to tell what success I'd had, she was safe. If he did meet her, the chances was ten—yes, a hundred to one agin her.

"For an hour I lay in a cold sweat, tremblin' like a leaf, and havin' all sorts of horrid ideas. Now I'd think that they'd caught her and locked her up somewhere else, to face me with her in the mornin'. Then I'd wonder if it was really her as had escaped—if in the dark I hadn't let out some other woman—and *she* was still waitin' for the dreadful day o' doom. For I'd risked all to save her, and if she was to be my damnation and her own once more in this world, by sufferin' a felon's death as she had lived a felon's life, then I couldn't never hope again for God's mercy. But all kept quiet —and I reasoned that the warden knew me so well he would have come back to see if it *could* be *me* as had done such a crime, if he'd suspected it—and by-and-by I fell asleep.

"The next mornin', of course, it was found out. I thought the warden would ha' killed me. The Sheriff came to see me—so did the District Attorney, and even one or two of the City Judges. They wanted to know if I knew what I had done—what I was liable to—where *she* was—and, last of all, why I did it. For a day or two I said nothin' except to answer their questions, yes or no, not tellin' a soul the real reason for what I'd done, and Bill Humphreys was man enough not to let on till I told him he might.

"By-and-by, when every body had heard of it, around the courts and the stations, there were about ten people in on one day, all on 'em seemin' real gentlemen, and one o' 'em had been talkin' so kindly to me that my heart seemed o' a sudden to warm to him. I jumped up from the prison bunk where I was sittin', and says I,

"'Hear me, all o' you Sirs as wants to know why I did this here. She sinned agin God—she sinned agin me. She broke my heart, and she made my last years a hell. She did that which there's no mercy in man for. I have gi'n her one more chance to get mercy o' God.

"'Who here has got a daughter that he would leave off tryin' for, short o' the pit? Who's got a sister, that murder or robbery would shut up his heart from? Who's got a wife that he wouldn't foller and foller and foller through nights and days, through pains and watching, if there was one chance o' savin' her on the edge o' the gallows, or the brink of hell? *Who?* I say.

"'That woman was once *my wife*.

"'Now I'm ready to be done with as you like. I wasn't blind—or deaf—or an idiot. I know the law. I've been bred up to preservin' it from a boy, and I'm an old man now. When you were wakin' for business, I was wakin' for the law. When you slept I kept it for you. And now that I've broken it, this first time since I was born, I'm not so ignorant as not to know that it will turn agin me and punish me. It ought to, and I hope it will.

"'If I be fined, let the law take all I've got for it. If I be imprisoned, let the stone walls shut up all the last years of a ruined old man. If it be the gallows, I sha'n't flinch to meet what I've wanted these two years. But after all comes the great God, and if, when I stand before Him, I find out I've saved *her*—as I've gi'n mercy, I know I *shall*—Oh!'"

Yes—Harry Hallett, thou hast found mercy! For even as the old man, roused into weird eloquence by this remembered plea, wildly gestured with his iron finger, he dropped back into his chair, and was gone.

Gone, where the indictment for his crime, like the record of the old time gentle-hearted soldier's oath, was blotted out by a seraph's tear. Gone, where there is no inquest of deeds but of the spirit that did them—where the city whose streets he walks needeth no watchmen—where the thieves of life, of riches, and of honor break not in and steal—where, for evermore, there shall be no discord between love and duty, but both are one and eternal.

On the books of an asylum not far from New York I found these two entries:

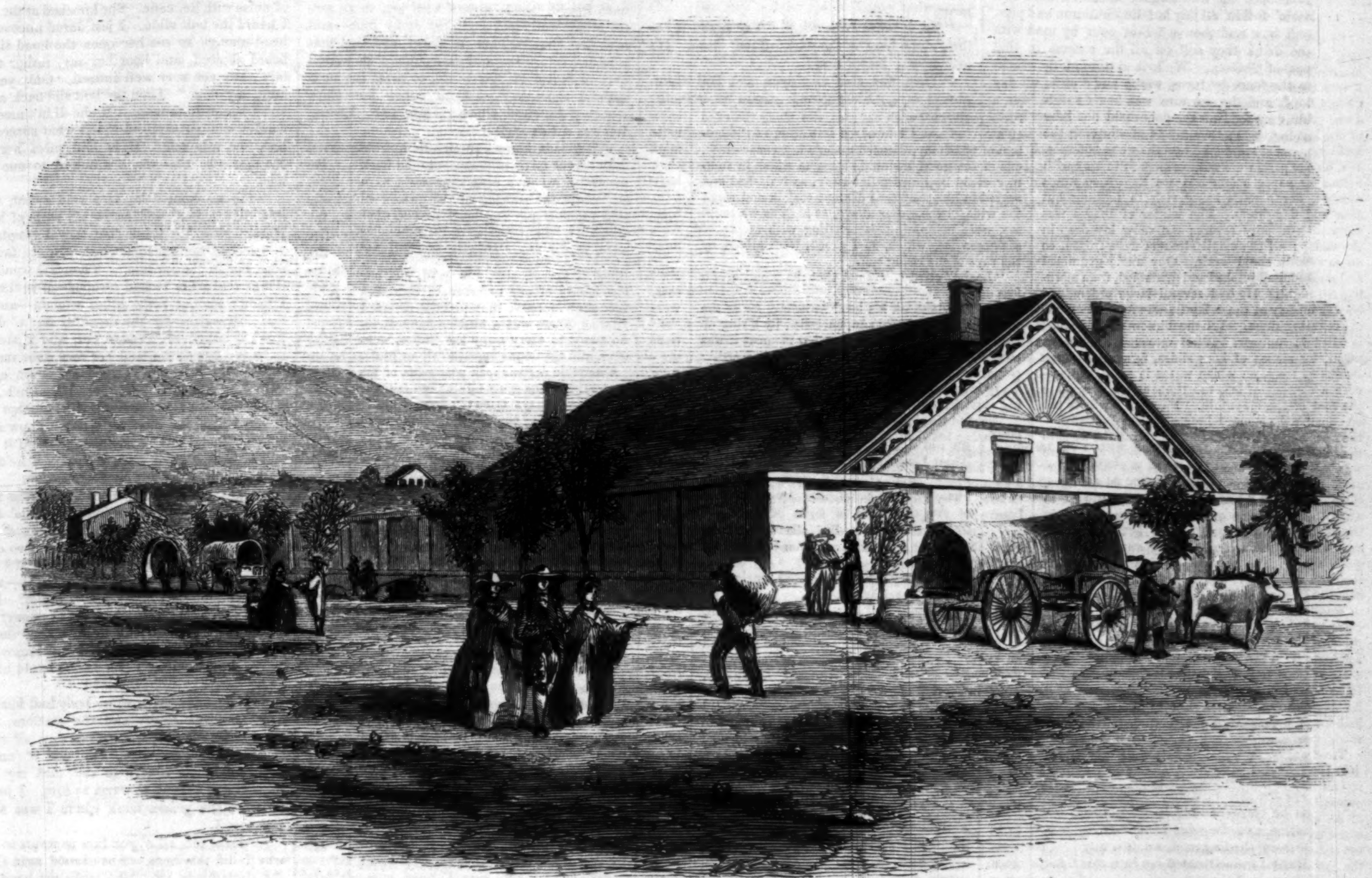
1*st*. "Harry Hallett, aged 48. Entered October 12, 18—. Tried for procuring escape of prisoner. Acquitted, and sent here, being insane."

2*d*. "Escaped. December, same year."

Under these I added a third:

3*d*. "Set free, utterly restored. November 21, 18—."

Has he found *her* safe? A great vail hangs over the answer. Kind souls, pray for her—pray for the wife of Harry Hallett.



THE TABERNACLE AT SALT LAKE CITY.—[From a Photograph by Burr & Mogo.]

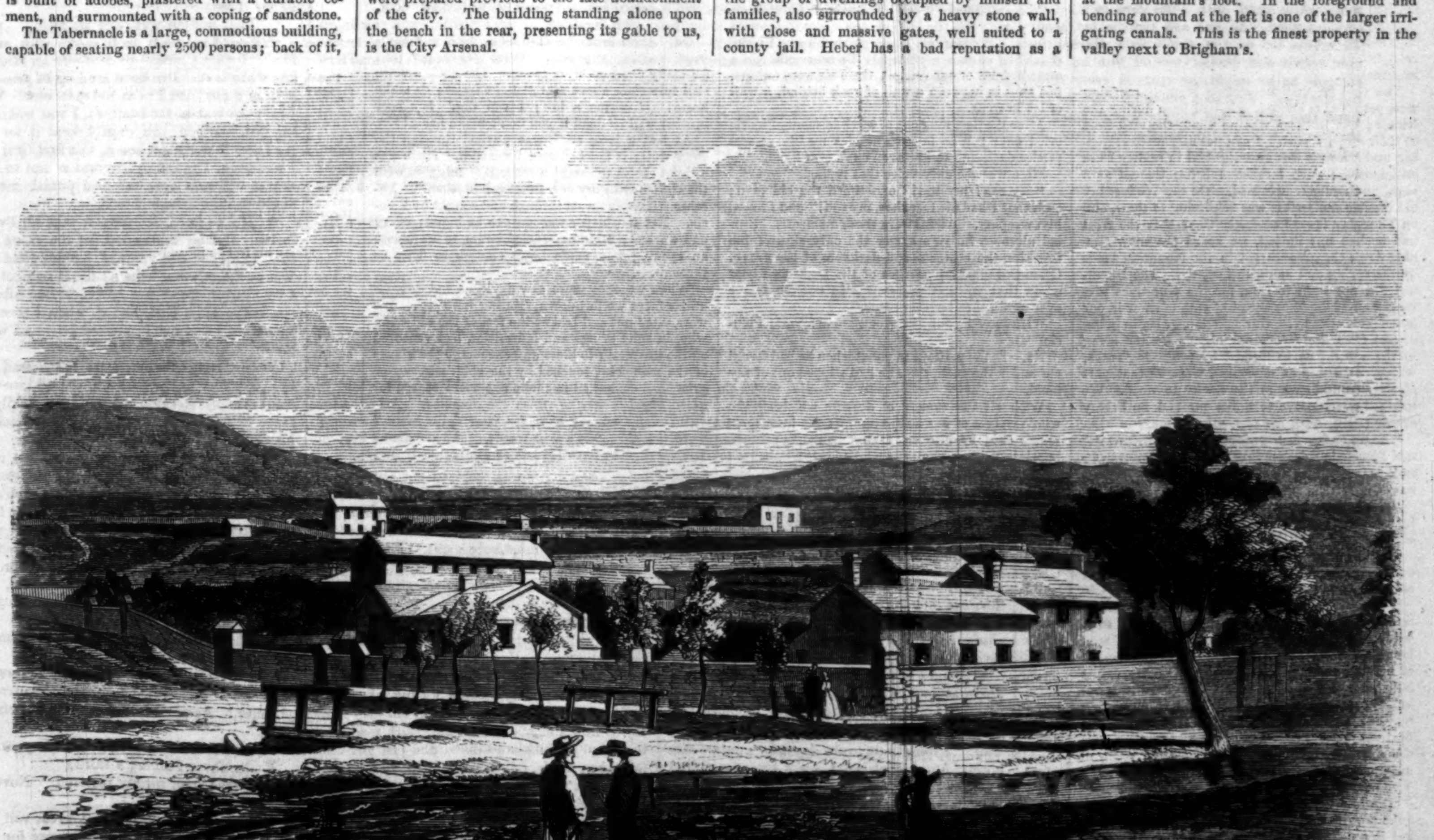
## VIEWS IN AND ABOUT SALT LAKE CITY.

The first of the accompanying pictures presents a view from the street (looking toward the north-east) of the west wall of the Temple Block, Salt Lake City, with the Tabernacle in the foreground, its lower half concealed by the wall which surrounds the entire square of ten acres. This wall is built of adobes, plastered with a durable cement, and surmounted with a coping of sandstone.

The Tabernacle is a large, commodious building, capable of seating nearly 2500 persons; back of it, partially hidden by trees, and in the next corner of the block, stands the Endowment House, in which are conferred the mysterious degrees of Mormon priestcraft. It is used for this purpose temporarily until the Temple is completed. Apostate Mormons, shuddering at the thought of the dreadful oaths taken therein, look upon this building as the very hell of hells. The windows of both of these structures are still boarded up as they were prepared previous to the late abandonment of the city. The building standing alone upon the bench in the rear, presenting its gable to us, is the City Arsenal.

Beneath the young shade trees surrounding the block, and by the side of the pure mountain stream which flows along the edge of the sidewalk, may be seen two emigrant wagons, with their motive-power lying at rest.

The second man in the priesthood, the most extensive practitioner in polygamy, and the most vulgar and profane man in the Mormon Church, is Heber C. Kimball. Our second picture represents the group of dwellings occupied by himself and families, also surrounded by a heavy stone wall, with close and massive gates, well suited to a county jail. Heber has a bad reputation as a husband, is excessively jealous of his wives, and a poor "governor." His "spirituals" frequently run away from him, and when at home quarrel so much that he finds several separate buildings absolutely necessary. Our view of his group of dwellings is the best evidence of the fact. The buildings outside his walls are more humble. It will be seen that Heber's block stands upon rising ground, running up to the very edge of the bench at the mountain's foot. In the foreground and bending around at the left is one of the larger irrigating canals. This is the finest property in the valley next to Brigham's.



THE RESIDENCE AND HAREM OF HEBER C. KIMBALL, SALT LAKE CITY.—[From a Photograph by Burr & Mogo.]

## HOW I BECAME A PRIEST.

In the autumn of 1823, just thirty-five years ago, my sister and I went to pay a visit to an aunt, married to a wealthy wood-merchant of Bellinzona. I was then eighteen, and la Petite some years younger. Our uncle and aunt, who had no children, grew very fond of us, and would not hear of our leaving them; they talked of adopting the little one, and of taking me into the wood business. We, on our part, were willing enough to stay with them; for never before had we known so much comfort, our parents being rich in nothing but sons and daughters. The winter of 1823-4 was more than usually severe; the snow lay deep in the valley; all the small streams were frozen, so no saw-mills could work. Our uncle grumbled and smoked, and smoked and grumbled, from morning till night. He had several large orders, and he was uneasy at the delay he was forced to make in executing them. You must know that the wood is felled in summer, but not removed till winter, when, by means of long slides, formed of rough trunks of trees, on which water is poured to procure a coating of ice, the timber is conveyed to the foot of the mountain. Now, that winter not one among the stoutest-hearted of the Burratori—the men are so called who cut and bring the wood to the lake—would venture up to the forests. There was nothing for it but to wait till the cold moderated. But February, with its wild bleak days, came, and passed, and still the men refused to work. At last some warm sunny days ushered in the month of March. The snow left the valley, and the icy fetters of the merry streams melted quite away. The sunshine without brought us sunshine within; my aunt's husband now whistled about the house, making each of his fingers go off in small reports as a sort of *feu de joie*. Seven Burratori had agreed to go up the mountain. As during the last three weeks there had been neither a fresh fall of snow, nor any indication of a thaw, the weather-wise declared no danger was to be apprehended. In fact, the mountain, from its nature, was little subject to avalanches, nor had any worth speaking of occurred within the memory of man.

Tired out by such long inactivity, I was wild to join the intended expedition, and at last wearied my uncle into granting me permission to begin my apprenticeship at once. I was put under the care of an old fellow called Picurio, generally recognized as the chief of the Burratori. We were to set out on the Monday morning, and it was hoped the job would be completed by the following Saturday.

We had, however, forgotten to ask la Petite's consent. She, who had never been separated from me even for a day since her birth, was in tears from morning till night at the idea of my leaving her for a whole week. My uncle was, in truth, a soft-hearted man, so he agreed to go with us himself, and take the little girl also as far as Aquila, a village in the Val Blegno, lying at the base of the mountain to which we were bound. This arrangement put an end to my sister's tears; though, as the Burratori stop out night and day till the work is finished, she would see as little of me as if she had remained at Bellinzona. We were well provided with woolen wrappers and the means of kindling a fire; and as you may believe, the thought of this bivouac had infinite charms for my imagination.

The cold on that memorable Monday morning was, perhaps, as intense as it had been during the winter; but as there was no wind, the men kept to their engagement. I can not affirm that sleeping under a rock was as delightful in reality as in anticipation; still, I relished being treated as a man, and never complained. On the Wednesday old Picurio declared it was beginning to thaw, and on Thursday it was perfectly clear that the frost had broken up; indeed, we heard the snow slipping down the grooves cut in the mountain's side by the spring and summer torrents. The Burratori did not seem to care, for the pine-trees prevented any dangerous accumulation of snow in our immediate vicinity. Our only danger lay in going to and from the forest, our night's shelter being in the natural caves formed by projecting rocks, which, as a matter of course, were on that part of the mountain where there was no wood. We strained every nerve to finish our task on Friday evening.

"Three or four hours more would have done it," said Picurio in a desponding tone, as darkness overtook us, and a large stack of timber still lay before us.

"Well, then, let us be up by peep of day," cried I, "and we may all be back at Bellinzona by the evening."

On the morrow we only mustered five; three of our party were missing. Had they deserted, or only gone on in advance?

"We shall soon know," said the remaining Burratori, and with one accord they sent forth such wild, unearthly yells, ending in shrill peals of mad laughter, that, though I had heard of their mode of holding communication with their comrades at a distance, I was nevertheless disagreeably startled. These yells can be heard an incredibly long way off. When there could be no reasonable doubt that the missing men had deserted us, many were the smothered exclamations of "Oibò gatto di marmo" ("cat of marble," meaning lazy fellow), "you shall pay for this!"

The loss dispirited us, for the work still to be done required all our original strength of hands to get it finished in the time proposed. The dawn was just whitening the horizon when we began our ascent, and a little breeze, barely enough to make the pine branches quiver, was blowing from the west. Picurio's only son, a stout, handsome young man, the wag of our party, prophesied we should have a fine day; but as the light increased, great black masses of clouds came up from the southwest.

"A bad sign, I say!" cried Picurio; "we had better turn back."

I was somewhat vexed at this advice, and answered hastily: "Those who are afraid, may go back; I shall keep my promise to my uncle, if I send down the rest of the wood unassisted," and I walked on; the rest followed, but in silence

Our path up the mountain, now winding in and out through pines, now passing under steep, bare rocks perforated with caverns, ran along the edge of a ravine several hundred feet deep, at the bottom of which lay, silenced under a huge snow-drift, one of the great mountain-streams which in summer could be heard miles away, as it dashed and roared in its precipitous descent to join and swell the wide Ticino. Far above, as high as we could see, were mountain-tops bristling with spears of sea-green ice, which, as I gazed, were gilded by the rays of the rising sun.

"Look!" cried I, "is not that the promise of a fine day?"

Old Picurio shook his head as before, for at the instant a pale, watery sun, encircled by a ring of vapor, shot into view. In another moment it was entirely obscured by the clouds which speedily covered the whole sky. The sighing breeze suddenly grew into a turbulent wind, and some pricking sleet fell.

The men stood still, looking uneasily about them, muttering between their teeth: "Ah! vacca d'un ven' mostro!" (Cow of a monstrous wind!)

"I told you so," cried Picurio; "those clouds are a sign of evil. Let us go back—we have no time to lose. The holy Virgin protect us from an avalanche!"

"Nonsense, father!" replied the son; "you know there are never avalanches on this mountain."

"Don't say so, my son; I remember hearing my father speak of a terrible one."

"As big as my hand," answered the young man, laughing.

Nevertheless, the old man's words had produced an effect; for, as with one accord, we all turned round and began to descend toward the village. The wind would cease as if by magic, then come rushing from every quarter of the heavens, "a mighty and a strong wind;" the sleet changed to thick, fast-falling snow, which, whirling in mad eddies, and flying up and down, almost blinded us. We walked as quickly as we could, following Picurio, who had assumed the lead; but what with the teasing of the wind, and the slipperiness of the path, we could scarcely keep our feet. After one blast, which nearly hurled us down the ravine, we joined arms, and kept as close together as we could. Not a word was spoken; for by this time the bravest heart among us quaked with fear, and many an anxious glance was cast around in search of any signs of the dreaded disaster.

We had reached a point about half-way down the mountain, where the path passed through a mere cleft between two rocks. Here we were forced to go two by two. At that instant a boom like that of a distant waterfall struck on our ears. We stopped, raised our eyes in terror, and saw, right above us, a large white mass, like a living thing, rise slowly with a convulsive heave from the edge of a rock, hover for a second, topple, then come crashing down.

"The avalanche! the avalanche!" burst from every lip. "To the left! to the caves!" shouted Picurio, dragging me along with him. In the twinkling of an eye down fell the enormous white mass in front of our refuge; there we were unhurt, but shut in between a wall of rock behind, a wall of ice in front.

After the first moment of bewilderment, Picurio cried out: "Who is here besides me?" It was pitchy dark—no seeing even one's own hand.

Mine was the only voice that replied.

"My son! my son!" exclaimed the old man; "oh that I had died for thee, my son!" and I heard him weeping. Awful were those moments. Buried alive—a father's agony the only sign of life breaking the stillness and darkness of the grave. Often in the silent watches of the night do I hear again that voice of woe—often in dreams I live over again that terrible scene.

"Have you your axe, young man?" said Picurio.

No. In the perilous moment when he had forced me under the rock, the axe had slipped out of my hand.

With all the energy of despair we flung the whole weight of our bodies against the inert mass which shut us into our living tomb—hopeless—hopeless. I must have then fallen into a lethargy; for the avalanche fell in the early morning, and the Ave Maria was ringing when I recovered my consciousness. Yes, we distinctly heard the bell of the church of Aquila. No words can describe the rapture I felt in listening to this voice from without; it seemed to say distinctly: "Hope in God's mercy."

"Let us pray," said the old man. We recited the Angelus, and told the rosary. After that we felt more composed, and sat down side by side. The sound of the church-bells had taken away the horrible feeling of being entirely cut off from the living. We felt sure that, as soon as we were missed, all the village would turn out on the morrow to seek for us; and we agreed that, as we were able to hear the bells so clearly, it would not be difficult to make ourselves heard by any passers. Luckily, our day's food was in our pockets; we divided it into several portions, so that it should last twenty-four hours. Within that period we never doubted obtaining our release.

Presently the church-bell began to ring again. It could not be the De Profundis; sufficient time had not elapsed; besides, the strokes were quick and sharp, not slow and solemn. Glory be to God, it was the storm-bell; the alarm was given, and good souls would soon be on the search for us. Neither Picurio nor I spoke, so eagerly did we strain our ears to catch the sound of approaching steps, long before it was possible that any one could have reached the mountain. I think the beating of our hearts might have been heard in that dead silence.

At last, at last we distinguished the barking of a dog. I recognized the bark at once: it was Bibi, la Petite's pet. Nearer and nearer it came, until we could hear him whining and scratching the snow which hid us. Then the blessed sound of human voices became audible. Full of hope and joy, we threw ourselves once more against our snow barricade; we dug at it with hands and nails, striving to open a crevice through which we might let our friends know our situation. We shouted with all our might, but the noise fell back heavily on our own ears. Many times we were aware that the seekers were close to us—we heard them calling to one another. *We* could hear, but with anguish we understood that we could not make ourselves heard. Near as the searchers were, we could hold no communication with them. Exclamations of horror, pity, and grief, met our ears. The names of our unfortunate comrades were pronounced in tones that plainly revealed their sad fate. There was a bustle, many directions of how best to carry away the bodies, wonder about us, and then our expected deliverers departed. A horrible despair took possession of me as their retreating steps grew fainter and fainter; but poor Picurio always cried: "Let us pray; God's right arm is long enough to reach us even here."

I tried to pray, but my thoughts wandered to my home; all the childish griefs I had known were forgotten, and I wept bitter salt tears to think I should never see father or mother, brothers or sisters again; all my faults to them rose up in judgment against me; how solemnly I vowed that, should God grant me life, I would never again rebel against the will of my parents! And la Petite, what would she do without me? I was sure she would die of grief. As the night wore on, my thoughts took another turn—the whole scene of my own death, the finding of my frozen body, the despair of my poor little sister, were moving pictures before me. I could not detach my fancy from the phantoms it had evoked. It was painfully curious the way in which I arranged and re-arranged all the details, sparing myself no revolting minutiæ. I suppose I must at last have dropped asleep, for I knew nothing more till Picurio called to me that he heard the bell for early mass. I raised myself to a sitting posture, and we each ate a portion of our bread. All that day and the ensuing night passed in alternations of hope and despair. By the next morning—the beginning of the third day since our entombment—our little provision of food was exhausted. We were oppressed by feverish thirst and gnawing hunger—a horrid death was before us, the fate of those who had perished at once was to be envied in comparison with the lingering suffering we anticipated.

We had ceased to speak, ceased to pray; I had no hope now—no faith. In moody silence we sat apart, watching, I may say, the approach of the pangs of death, when suddenly the deep hush was broken by a familiar sharp bark. It was Bibi again! Oh, the unutterable joy of hearing the little fellow tearing and scratching at the snow blocking up our cave! There was another sound that made hot tears rain down my cheeks; it was a child's voice—no other than la Petite's—crying: "He is here, uncle. I am sure he is here. Oh, dig, good men, dig fast!"

Our hearts melted within us as we heard many steps nearing our prison. There was danger, too; for many cautions were given. The child's voice still rose clear above all: "Make haste; *do* make haste! Give me a hoe; I can dig. My poor brother will be dead if you don't make haste!"

At last a long stick was pushed through the snow wall; it touched me; I seized it. There was a shout of "A miracle! a miracle!" mingled with the child's wild cry of "Brother! brother!" Another stick was thrust through and caught by Picurio. Not a whisper was now to be heard; every one worked; minutes seemed hours to us before an opening was made large enough to drag us through.

When we once more saw daylight and dear familiar faces we fell down, fainting with joy. We were lifted out and laid at the feet of the old curé, who, in spite of age and infirmities, had ventured up the mountain to bless and encourage the efforts of the men who, touched by the child's agony of grief, had consented to make one more search for us.

"Thank God, my sons, for your deliverance," were the old priest's first words, "and devote to His service the lives He has so miraculously preserved."

"It was this, Mees Jessie, that led me to become a priest; and la Petite, who, through God's mercy, saved my life, has made my home her home."

"She would have made a capital lady-abbess, though," said M. B——, looking at her with unfeigned pride.

"And old Picurio?" asked Jessie.

"He died in my uncle's house."

## THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"PAT," said a gentleman to his servant, "what's all that noise in the street?" "Oh, nothing, Sir! they're only forcing a man to turn volunteer."

A schoolma'am of this city tells the following rich incident:

She was teaching a small school in an adjoining town, and "boarding round." On visiting a "new place," one Monday noon, she seated herself with the family around the small pine table, and made a meal of brown bread, fat fried pork, and roast potatoes. Just before pushing back from the table a youngster of ten years exclaimed,

"I know what good victuals is. Yes, ma'am—I knows what 'tis."

"Do you, indeed!" exclaimed the embarrassed schoolma'am, not knowing what to say, and ashamed to say nothing.

"Yes, ma'am! I knows what good victuals is. I've been away from home two times, and eaten lots on 'em."

There is a good story of an eccentric lady, of unfortunately acquisitive habits, to the effect that she was, on one occasion, so affected by a charity sermon as to borrow a sovereign from a neighbor and put it in—her own pocket.

PRETTY GOOD.—A young lady remarked to a *fop* the other day, that his penknife (which, by-the-by, was a very *neat one*) in one respect resembled him. The ladies in the room commenced *guessing* what it could be. At last a smart-looking little boy, who had, until now, sat in one corner silent, was asked to *guess*. After examining the knife pretty closely he turned round, and in a cunning manner said, "Well, I don't know, unless it is because it's *dull*."

A young gentleman, very conceited and vain of himself, but who, by-the-by, was rather despised, with a face much pitted by the small-pox, was, not long since, addressed by a chap, who, after admiring him for some time, said to him, "When carved work comes in fashion you'll be the handsomest man I ever put eyes on."

An old lady being asked what she thought of the mutiny in India, replied that, to her mind, it was extremely "Hindoodicious."

The sons of an emperor in Venice got into a quarrel. In the height of passion one of them said to the other, "You are the greatest ass in Venice." Highly offended at their quarreling in his presence, the emperor said, "Come, come—you forget that I am present."

A censorious and conceited lady, vaunting her good figure, boasted to another that her sister and herself had always been remarkable for the beauty of their backs. "That is the reason, I suppose, that your friends are always so glad to see them," was the reply.

What do you often drop, yet never stop to pick up?—A hint.

"How are you, Count?" said a noted wag to a spruce looking specimen of the genus snob. "Sir!" exclaimed the indignant swell, "who are you, and why do you call me a count?" "Why, I saw you counting oysters in New York last week, and I supposed you were of royal blood." Snob vamosed.

The *Evening Post* says: "We stop the press to state that a stranger, with the least bit of a brogue, has just informed us that it has been thought best to have the first dispatch over the new telegraph come by the steamer."

A Roman ecclesiastic, in reply to whatever question might be proposed, began by saying, "I make a distinction." A cardinal, having invited him to dine, proposed to derive some amusement for the company from the well-known peculiarity of his guest, saying to him that he had an important question to propose. He asked, "Is it, under any circumstances, lawful to baptize in soup?" "I make a distinction," said the priest. "If you ask, is it lawful to baptize in soup in general, I say *no!*—if you ask, is it lawful to baptize in your excellency's soup, I say *yes!* for there is, really, no difference between it and water!"

A fop in company, wanting his servant, called out, "Where's that blockhead of mine?" A lady present answered, "On your shoulders, Sir."

A lazy fellow, lying down on the grass, said, "Oh, how I wish that this was called work, and well paid for!"

Julius Cæsar Hannibal, giving an account of his sea-voyage, says: "All de passengers were now heavin', and, as if dat wasn't enough, de cap'ain give orders for the ship to heave too, and she hove too."

"Come, Bob, how much have you cleared by your speculations?" "Cleared!" answered Bob, with a frown, "why, I've cleared my pockets."

### THE CANDID THIEF.

Dodging the door of a Counsel Catch,
A thief observed 'twas on the latch,
Popp'd in, and quick again pass'd out,
With wig, and gown, and riding coat;
Then wrote to let the lawyer know
That he had served him so and so;
Adding Postscript—"I might have taken
Coke upon Littleton and Bacon;
But law's to me superfluous study,
For I am rogue enough already."

Some one speaking of a celebrated base-singer, said, "He led a very abandoned life." "Oh, yes," replied Sealey, "the whole tenor of his life has been base."

Punch says that the characteristic of a time-piece is modesty rather than rudeness, for "it always keeps its hands before its face."

"Will you take something?" said a teetotaller to his friend, while standing near a tavern. "I don't care if I do," was the reply. "Well," said Frank, "let's *take a walk*."

The New Haven *Register* says: "A few nights since, owing to an accident, the Springfield train did not reach Hartford until late, and, in consequence, those awaiting its arrival at the station had a tedious time of it. Among them was a demure-looking Yankee, inclined to have a nap. Fixing his feet on the upper round of his chair, he leaned back against the wall, and 'went at it.' He was not fairly under weigh, however, when he was tapped on the hat by one of the officials, and told that 'sitting up sleeping was not allowed in the dépôt.'"

"'Eh!' ejaculated the astonished sleeper, 'no sitting up and sleeping?'

"'No, Sir—agin the rules of the Company,' said the official.

"'Well, I declare,' replied the other, 'this is a mean place! Won't you ask the Company if I mayn't gape?' following up his query with a 'stretch' that put the officious official to instant flight."

"Can you return my love, dearest Julia?" "Certainly, Sir. I don't want it, I'm sure."

Jim Snicks puts every thing to use. His wife has a bald head, and he straps his razor on it—the scamp!

A woman has been arrested in Albany for stealing old iron; she had fourteen pounds of it secreted in her bosom. Her offense weighed heavily upon her.

A fellow who got drunk on election day, said it was owing to his effort to put down "party spirit."

A man and his wife were striving about who should wear the breeches; in the mean time one knocked at the door. The good man stepped out to see who was there, and asked him whom he wished to speak with. The person answered, he wished to speak to the master of the house. "Wait," said he, "a little time and I will answer you, for as yet the case is doubtful." So stepping in, his wife and he went to it again, and she at last yielded him the victory. "Now, friend, thou mayest speak with me. I am the master of the house; but I could not tell thee so before, because my wife and I had not decided the controversy."

"My character," said an alderman, who had cleared himself from a charge of bribery; "my character, Sir, is like my boots—all the brighter for blacking."

In a certain well-known city a genius was hauled up for kissing a girl and kicking up a dust; and the following dialogue ensued:

"Is your name John Jay?"

"Yes, your honor; so the people say."

"Was it you that kissed the girl and raised the alarm? You rascal! did you come here to make rhymes?"

"No, your honor; but it will happen sometimes."

"Be off, you scamp! get out of my sight!"

"Thank'ee, your honor; then I'll bid you good-night."

Why should crinoline be abolished?—Because it introduces all sorts of women into the most fashionable *circles*.

## WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, Sept.* 13, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been dull and heavy for nearly all kinds of Breadstuffs....Cotton has been more sought after at buoyant prices, closing, however, quietly....Provisions have been moderately inquired for....The movements in Groceries have been less extensive, and prices of Sugars have favored buyers ....The Dry Goods import during the week amounted to $2,019,184 against $2,084,438 the corresponding week of last year....The value of the imports since January 1 reached $43,763,082 against $78,286,456 the same week last year....The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Unsound State Flour, per bbl. | $3 40 | @ | $4 40 |
| Superfine to extra State, per barrel | 4 95 | @ | 5 50 |
| Superfine to fancy Western, per barrel | 4 95 | @ | 5 30 |
| Extra Western, per barrel | 5 10 | @ | 8 50 |
| Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel | 5 70 | @ | 7 50 |
| Extra Canadian, per barrel | 5 50 | @ | 6 50 |
| Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel | 5 35 | @ | 8 25 |
| Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl. | 3 30 | @ | 4 25 |
| Corn Meal, per barrel | 4 10 | @ | 4 75 |
| White Wheat, per bushel | 1 15 | @ | 1 45 |
| Red Wheat, per bushel | 83 | @ | 1 25 |
| Mixed Western Corn, per bushel | 66 | @ | 75 |
| Rye, per bushel | 73 | @ | 76 |
| Barley, per bushel | 70 | @ | 80 |
| Western Oats, per bushel | 47 | @ | 50 |
| State Oats, per bushel | 43 | @ | 48 |
| Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel | 41 | @ | 43 |
| Southern Oats, per bushel | 32 | @ | 40 |
| Cotton, middlings, per pound | 13¼ | @ | 13¾ |
| Mess Pork, per barrel | 17 40 | @ | 17 50 |
| Prime Pork, per barrel | 15 00 | @ | 15 25 |
| Country Mess Beef, per barrel | 11 50 | @ | 12 00 |
| Cut Meats, per pound | 6½ | @ | 8½ |
| Lard, per pound | 11¼ | @ | 11¾ |
| State Butter, per pound | 14 | @ | 23 |
| Western Butter, per pound | 12 | @ | 17 |
| Cheese, per pound | 4½ | @ | 7½ |
| Rice, per 100 pounds | 2 75 | @ | 3 75 |
| Rio Coffee, per pound | 9½ | @ | 11½ |
| Cuba Sugar, per pound | 6¾ | @ | 8¼ |
| Cuba Molasses, per gallon | 26 | @ | 35 |
| New Orleans Sugar, per pound | 7 | @ | 9 |
| New Orleans Molasses, per gallon | 50 | @ | 53 |
| Hyson Teas, per pound | 27 | @ | 60 |
| Oolong Teas, per pound | 30 | @ | 55 |
| Domestic Whisky, per gallon | 24½ | @ | — |
| Hops, new, per pound | 15 | @ | 20 |
| Hops, per pound, 1857 | 7 | @ | 10 |
| Hay, per 100 pounds | 40 | @ | 65 |
| Tallow, per pound | 10½ | @ | — |
| Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds | 3 75 | @ | — |
| Spirits Turpentine, per gallon | 48 | @ | 48½ |
| Tar, per barrel | 1 75 | @ | 2 12½ |
| Common Rosin, per 310 pounds | 1 70 | @ | 1 75 |
| Linseed Oil, per gallon | 75 | @ | 76 |
| Kentucky Tobacco, per pound | 7 | @ | 14 |
| Seed Leaf Tobacco | 6 | @ | 25 |
| American Fleece Wool, per pound | 27 | @ | 46 |
| " Pulled Wool | 25 | @ | 38 |

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were depressed. The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compares as follows:

| | Week ending *Sept.* 1. | Week ending *Sept.* 8. |
|---|---|---|
| Beeves | 5,194 | 5,801 |
| Milch Cows | 207 | 240 |
| Veal Calves | 491 | 530 |
| Sheep and Lambs | 13,182 | 12,852 |
| Swine | 9,096 | 13,103 |

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Poor to premium Beeves, per pound | $ 5 | @ | $ 8½ |
| Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head | 25 00 | @ | 60 00 |
| Veal Calves, per pound | 4½ | @ | 6½ |
| Sheep and Lambs, per head | 1 75 | @ | 5 25 |
| " " per pound | 3½ | @ | 6 |
| Live Swine, per pound | 4½ | @ | 5¼ |
| Dressed " " | 5½ | @ | 6¼ |
| Roasting Pigs, each | 1 00 | @ | 2 00 |

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Apples, new, per barrel | $1 50 | @ | $ 4 00 |
| Pears, " " | 2 00 | @ | 12 00 |
| Peaches, per basket | 1 25 | @ | 2 50 |
| Plums, per bushel | 2 50 | @ | 4 50 |
| Grapes, wild, per pound | 2 | @ | 4 |
| Lima Beans, per basket | 38 | @ | 62 |
| Potatoes, new, per barrel | 1 25 | @ | 2 25 |
| Potatoes, sweet, per barrel | 2 50 | @ | 3 25 |
| Onions, new, per barrel | 1 50 | @ | 3 25 |
| Turnips, per barrel | 1 50 | @ | — |
| Cabbage, new, per 100 | 3 00 | @ | 6 00 |
| Squashes, per bushel | 75 | @ | 1 00 |
| Pumpkins, per 100 | 3 50 | @ | 5 00 |
| Green Corn, per 100 ears | 35 | @ | 75 |
| Watermelons, per 100 | 5 00 | @ | 15 00 |
| Nutmeg Melons, per barrel | 1 50 | @ | 2 00 |
| Tomatoes, per bushel | 25 | @ | 62 |
| Cucumbers, per 100 | 10 | @ | 50 |
| Egg Plants, per 100 | 3 00 | @ | — |
| Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen | 15 | @ | 18 |
| Eggs, Western, per dozen | 9 | @ | 12 |
| Chickens, per pair | 37 | @ | 87 |
| Fowls, per pound | 12 | @ | 15 |
| Fowls, per pair | 62 | @ | 87 |
| Ducks, per pair | 62 | @ | 1 00 |
| Geese, each | 50 | @ | 1 25 |
| Turkeys, per pound | 13 | @ | 15 |
| Pigeons, per dozen | 75 | @ | 1 75 |
| Woodcock, per dozen | 2 75 | @ | 3 50 |
| Snipe, Dowicher, per dozen | 62½ | @ | 1 00 |
| Snipe, Ox-eyes, per dozen | 30 | @ | 50 |
| Plover, per dozen | 1 50 | @ | 2 00 |

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

TEN THOUSAND NEW SHAWLS.
WILL BE OPENED THIS WEEK,
Forming part of the stock of the
BANKRUPT ESTATE OF
ARMAND & LAMONTAINE,
Of Paris,
Including the
NEW MANTLE SHAWLS.
And MANY OTHER PARISIAN NOVELTIES.
ALL TO BE SOLD WITHOUT REGARD TO COST,
TO CLOSE THE ESTATE OF THIS BANKRUPT FIRM.
W. D. ESTERRE,
361 BROADWAY.

*LADIES VISITING THE SEA-SIDE, TOURISTS, AND*
T R A V E L E R S
Will find the application of
GODFREY'S EXTRACT
OF
ELDER-FLOWERS
both cooling and refreshing to the Face and Skin, allaying all heat and irritability, removing Eruptions, Sunburn, Freckles, and Tan, and rendering the skin soft, clean, and healthy. Price One Dollar.
EUGENE DUPUY, 609 Broadway,
Family Chemist.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

LIFE ILLUSTRATED is a FIRST-CLASS FAMILY NEWSPAPER, designed to encourage a spirit of HOPE, MANLINESS, SELF-RELIANCE, and ACTIVITY among the people; to illustrate Life in all its phases, and ought to be read by every Family.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, at Two Dollars a year, by FOWLER AND WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, New York.

THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK.
By PIERCE EGAN,
Author of "The Castle and the Cottage," "The Snake in the Grass," &c., &c.

Complete in One Volume. Price 50 cents.

It is certainly one of the most charming fictions we have ever perused.—*Daily Bee* (New Orleans).

Mailed free of postage.
FREDERIC A. BRADY,
126 Nassau Street, N. Y.

NEW HAND-BOOKS.—HOW TO WRITE—HOW TO TALK—HOW TO BEHAVE—and HOW TO DO BUSINESS—bound in one large, handsome volume, may be had, pre-paid, by FIRST MAIL, for $1 50. Address, FOWLER AND WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, New York.

HUNT, WEBSTER & CO.'S
IMPROVED TIGHT-STITCH
SEWING MACHINES.
For all manufacturing purposes and family use, are preferable to any other machine. No 469 Broadway.

*Inventors, look to your Interests!!*
HOW TO GET A PATENT, OR, THE INVENTORS' INSTRUCTOR. New edition. Sent by FIRST POST, for 6 cents, or 2 three-cent stamps. By FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, N. Y.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.
CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.
For OCTOBER. Price 25 cents.

Now ready, and for sale by all Booksellers and Periodical Dealers.

Subscription $3 00 a year.
FREDERIC A. BRADY,
126 Nassau Street, N. Y.

HOW TO DO GOOD AND GET "PAID FOR IT."—Take an Agency for our Publications. The terms are such, there can be *no possibility of loss.* EVERY FAMILY will be glad to obtain some of them. For particulars address, FOWLER AND WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, New York.

NOW READY.

A NEW EDITION OF THE
GREAT TELEGRAPH SUPPLEMENT
TO
HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Orders can now be supplied for the above, if sent in at once.

Price FIVE CENTS.

DR. MUNDE'S WATER-CURE AT FLORENCE, MASS. (Three miles from the Northampton Depot). Price for Patients $12 per week.

DEDICATED TO
CYRUS W. FIELD, ESQ.,
THE ATLANTIC CABLE BOUQUET, Distilled from ocean spray and fragrant flowers, prepared especially in honor of the national ovation held in New York, Sept. 1. E. DUPUY, Family Chemist, 609 Broadway. Sold every where.

TO CASH AND SHORT TIME BUYERS.
NEW STOCK OF
RIBBONS AND DRESS TRIMMINGS.
MITCHELL & McLINTOCK,
509 Broadway,
OPPOSITE METROPOLITAN HOTEL,
ARE NOW PREPARED TO SHOW ONE OF THE most select and desirable stocks of the above goods to be seen in the city.

"THE BOUDOIR SEWING MACHINES," Harris Patent, are now so generally in use (being the Family favorite), that special references, with a view to prove its utility or value, have become unnecessary. Those about purchasing will find four patterns to select from at 444 Broadway, near Grand Street, N. Y. G. C. MUNSON, Agt.

P. S.—Circulars and Specimens of work by mail if desired.

"VROOM & FOWLER'S"
WALNUT OIL MILITARY SHAVING SOAP,
*Guaranteed to suit the most fastidious.*
JOHN B. VROOM, ONLY MAKER, 72 Cherry St., N. Y.

YELLOW FEVER AND BILIOUS AFFECTIONS.—Those who are subject, by contact, or who, being obliged to reside or remain in the vicinity of the contagion, will do well to protect themselves by an occasional dose of Brandreth's pills. They will prevent all danger. If used when the prostration of all the powers of the body comes on, whether accompanied by delirium, by purging, or by simple dizziness and uncertainty of outward impressions, the first thing to be done is to take a dose of
BRANDRETH'S PILLS.
The very cause of these difficulties will be speedily expelled from the bowels and circulation, and there is no congestion or other evil to be feared from their use. This is not so with calomel, opium, or quinine. It is true, you may sometimes alleviate pain and fever by their use, but alas! the fatal sickness, the sudden deaths which follow too often the use of these remedies, are sad experiences for the mothers and fathers who have permitted their loved ones to use them. May it in all cases be done ignorantly and not against light and reason.

In any painful disease let four or six of Brandreth's pills be taken every few hours. This method will relieve the pain as soon as opium or other anodynes, and there will be no evil after effects. Another and yet another paroxysm may occur, and the patient may fear he will purge himself to death, but if he have the courage and understanding to continue the pills, he will have the advantage of recovering his health sooner than by any other method.

Brandreth's pills, plain and sugar coat at 294 Canal Street, Brandreth Building.

GENUINE
ATLANTIC CABLE.
BALL, BLACK & CO.,
247 Broadway,
TAKE PLEASURE IN INFORMING THEIR FRIENDS and the Public, that they have secured a a sufficient quantity of the
ATLANTIC CABLE
TO SUPPLY ALL DEMANDS.
And in order that every one may receive a souvenir of this—the most remarkable event of the age—and so that it shall not be cumbersome, we have mounted it up to be worn as charms or watch keys.

In Brass, for 15 cents each.
In Silver, for 50 cents each.
In Gold, for from $1 50 to $5 00 each.

We suppose the reputation of our House is all the guarantee needed, when we assert that this Cable is the veritable one from on board the steamer NIAGARA. In addition to that, however, we have the documents to place the genuineness beyond question.

New York, August 24, 1858.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES.—NEW and VALUABLE IMPROVEMENTS.—A new Tension and a Hemmer that turns hems of any width without previous basting. Office, 343 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

DIAGRAM OF THE LOCK STITCH.

This is the only Stitch that can not be raveled, and that presents the same appearance upon each side of the seam. It is made with two threads, one upon each side of the fabric, and interlocked in the centre of it. Send for circular.

SINGER'S NEW FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.— No other sewing machine for family use ever equaled this, either as respects the beauty of the machine or the perfection and variety of its work. Call and examine it.
I. M. SINGER & CO., 458 Broadway, New York.

TRUE TIME!!!
AMERICAN WATCHES!!
APPLETON, TRACY & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS, WALTHAM, MASS.
ROBBINS & APPLETON,
GENERAL AGENTS, 15 MAIDEN LANE,
NEW YORK.

These Watches are pronounced by the highest authorities to be faultless in principle and quality, and to take the foremost place as uniformly reliable time-keepers.

The movements are simple, tasteful, and substantial, and are mainly produced by the aid of a system of machinery of the most exacting nicety from crude materials in a single establishment, by connected and uniform processes, and are sold at about half the prices of imported watches of a similar grade.

ALL FOREIGN WATCHES ARE MADE BY HAND AT DIFFERENT TIMES AND PLACES, the American watches being the only ones made by machinery upon a uniform system.

Each watch is examined and tested, and is warranted by certificate for ten years. They are especially adapted for railroads, as they are not affected by the constant jar of the trains.

There is no article of common use so little understood, and about which so much charlatanism and swindling may be and is continually practiced, as attaches to imported watches.

Nearly all hand-made watches are defective, and are continually getting out of order. In many parts of the country, it is impossible to find good watch repairers, and watch repairing is always uncertain and expensive. The introduction of American watches disposes of this difficulty, and
COUNTRY MERCHANTS,
as well as watch dealers, can keep *Waltham* watches as a part of their miscellaneous stock, and thus supply their customers with a NEW STAPLE.

Liberal credit given to trustworthy dealers in all parts of the United States and Canada.

PHILADELPHIA—JNO. A. STODDART, 33 South Third Street.

BOSTON—Office 163 Washington Street, and sold by the trade generally. *Send for a Circular.*

"AUCTION GOODS" & "JOB LOTS,"
AT THE
THE CASH RIBBON HOUSE
OF NEW YORK,
116 CHAMBERS STREET.
JNO. FARRELL.

FRENCH PROTESTANT INSTITUTE for YOUNG GENTLEMEN, Nos. 48 and 50 East 24th Street, near Madison Park, Boarding and Day School, will re-open on *Sept. 15th* next. Classics, Mathematics, English, Spanish, German languages, besides the *French*, which is the language of the School. A *Junior* Department has been added. For details, references, &c., circulars to be had.
Prof. ELIE CHARLIER, Director.

MOREHEAD'S
MAGNETIC PLASTER.
The Great Strengthener and Pain Destroyer. The best and cheapest Household Remedy in the World. Simple and pleasant in its application, certain and effectual in its results. A beautiful, scientific, external Curative, applicable for the relief of Pain at any time, in any place, in any part of the human system, and under all circumstances. If you put this Plaster any where, if pain is there, the Plaster will stick there until the Pain has vanished. The Plaster magnetizes the Pain away, and PAIN CAN NOT EXIST WHERE THIS PLASTER IS APPLIED. Rheumatism, Lameness, Stiffness, Weakness, Debility, Nervousness, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Coughs and Colds, Pains and Aches of every kind, down even to Corns, are *immediately relieved*, and with a little patience, *permanently cured*, by the magical influence of the MAGNETIC PLASTER. It is the simplest, surest, safest, pleasantest, and cheapest remedy in existence. Its application is universal—equally to the strong man, the delicate woman, and the feeble infant. To each and all it will prove a balm and a blessing. Its use is agreeable, and without annoyance or trouble. Its price is within reach of all—rich or poor—all may have it, and all should have it who are sick and suffering in any way.

Put up in air-tight tin boxes. Each box will make six to eight plasters, and any child can spread them. Price 25 cents a box, with plain and full directions.
D. C. MOREHEAD, M.D.
Inventor and Proprietor, No. 19 Walker St., N. Y.
☞ Sold by all Druggists in every City, Town, and Village of the United States.

ANDREWS'S LATIN-ENGLISH LEXICON, founded on the larger German-Latin Lexicon of Dr. WM. FREUND. With Additions and Corrections from the Lexicons of Gesner, Facciolati, Scheller, Georges, &c. Royal 8vo, Sheep, $5 00.

LIDDELL AND SCOTT'S GREEK-ENGLISH LEXICON, based on the German Work of FRANCIS PASSOW. With Corrections and Additions, and the Insertion, in Alphabetical Order, of the Proper Names occurring in the Principal Greek Authors, by HENRY DRISLER, M.A., Professor of Latin Language and Literature in Columbia College. Royal 8vo, Sheep extra, $5 00.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

TO ADVERTISERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A MAGNIFICENTLY ILLUSTRATED PAPER,
CIRCULATING IN EVERY SECTION OF THE UNION,
Offers unusual inducements to those who desire to bring their business prominently before the community.

1. Only a limited space is devoted to Advertisements.
2. The character and diffusion of the circulation are unequaled.
3. The Paper is generally preserved for Binding.
4. The Advertising Pages are rendered attractive, and can not escape the attention of the reader.
5. None but the most respectable class of Advertisements are admitted.
6. The charges are not as large, *proportionally*, as those of any other Weekly or Daily Paper.

A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for Three Months or more.

TERMS.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*
HARPER & BROTHERS.

$65. HOWE'S DOUBLE THREAD SHUTTLE-STITCH SEWING MACHINE, with Table and Treadle complete, and equal to *any other.* VERNON & CO., Agents, 327½ Broadway.

FAMILY SEWING MACHINE DEPOT.
FIFTEEN and FIFTY dollar
SEWING MACHINES.
The FIFTEEN DOLLAR Sewing Machine is the best cheap machine ever offered to the Public. Fifteen minutes only required to learn to operate upon it. The Fifty Dollar Machine is warranted to excel all other family sewing machines. *We challenge the world to produce its equal!* C. W. THOMAS & CO., 480 Broadway, N. Y.
☞ Agents wanted.

SINGER'S IMPROVED SEWING MACHINE for all manufacturing purposes.—To ascertain the immense superiority of SINGER'S machines, it is only necessary to inquire of any manufacturer or mechanic who uses one. Send for a copy of SINGER & CO.'S Gazette, which will be supplied gratis. It gives full information on the subject.
I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 458 Broadway, New York.

MYSTIC HALL SEMINARY, for YOUNG LADIES. Horseback Riding and Salt-Water Bathing. Application for Admission or Catalogue to be addressed to the PRINCIPAL, MRS. T. P. SMITH,
Boston, Mass.

PATENT ANGLESEY LEG and ARTIFICIAL HAND. These unrivaled substitutes for lost Limbs are supplied only by WM. SELPHO, 516 Broadway, opposite St. Nicholas Hotel, N. Y.

INSTRUCTION IN CHESS.—Ladies and Gentlemen who wish to acquire this game, or to perfect their knowledge of it, can receive instructions from an accomplished player, by addressing A. B., Box 276 Post Office, New York.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA—Purifies the blood, restores to the stomach its tone, and imbues with healthful impulses the entire organization. Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, New York.

A SPLENDID NUMBER.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR OBTOBER.

CONTENTS.


STRAIN'S RIDE OVER THE ANDES.
Illustrated by Five Engravings.
ISLANDS AND SHORES OF GREECE.
Illustrated by Sixteen Engravings.
THE AMERICAN DEER: ITS HABITS AND ASSOCIATIONS. By T. B. THORPE.
Illustrated by Eight Engravings.
AN UP-COUNTRY ADVENTURE.
HOW I FELL IN LOVE.
THE TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF JOHN HUSS.
PEACOCK.
MARE VICTUM. By RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.
"NIPPED IN THE BUD."
ENJOYING OUR WORK.
MARRIED TO THE MAN OF HER CHOICE.
THE VIRGINIANS. By W. M. THACKERAY.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Harry is presented to a great Personage.—A Pair of old Acquaintances.—Four Head-Pieces.
CHAPTER XLI. Rake's Progress.
CHAPTER XLII. Fortunatus Nimium.
CHAPTER XLIII. In which Harry flies high.
CHAPTER XLIV. Contains what might, perhaps, have been expected.
"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
LITERARY NOTICES.
EDITOR'S TABLE.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
MR. ELEPHANT AT MRS. POTIPHAR'S GRAND SOIREE.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Pays respect to Hostess.—Plays the Agreeable to the Ladies.—Meets his Lady-Love's Aunt.—Joins in a Quadrille.—Promenades.—Enjoys a Tête-à-Tête.—Attitude *à la* General Scott.—Leaning Attitude.—An Accident.—Reflects.—Effects of an Accident in Ball-Room.—In Supper-Room.—Retires.—Catches a Fall.—Exit.—Finale.
FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Promenade and Dinner Costumes.—Fichu.—Cap.—Under-Sleeve.


TERMS.

| | |
|---|---|
| One Copy for One Year | $3 00 |
| Two Copies for One Year | 5 00 |
| Three or more Copies for One Year (each) | 2 00 |

*And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of* TEN SUBSCRIBERS.

The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the Office *where it is received.* The Postage is *Thirty-six Cents a year.*
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,
A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

FIVE CENTS A NUMBER; $2 50 A YEAR.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

| | |
|---|---|
| One Copy for Twenty Weeks | $1 00 |
| One Copy for One Year | 2 50 |
| One Copy for Two Years | 4 00 |
| Five Copies for One Year | 9 00 |
| Twelve Copies for One Year | 20 00 |
| Twenty-five Copies for One Year | 40 00 |

*An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of* TWELVE *or* TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

*** Persons living in the City of New York wishing "Harper's Weekly" left at their houses, will please send their names and residences, with the subscription money, to the Office of Publication.
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.